THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XII — New York, Wednesday, May 7, 1930 — Number 1

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Return 1
Week by Week 2
Mother Nature 5
Letters from Oxford.....Louise Imogen Guiney 7
Money.....Hilaire Belloc 9
Places and Persons.....Redfern Mason 11
Voyageur (*verse*).....Byrne Marconnier 12
Respectable Sonora.....George Anthony Weller 13
A Masterful Monk.....Ernest Dimnet 15
Myopia in Rose and Blue.....Louise Owen 17
Saint Augustine.....Samuel Putnam 19
Communications 20
The Play and Screen.....Richard Dana Skinner 22
Trophy (*verse*).....L. A. G. Strong 23
Books .....George N. Shuster, John J. Wynne, Michael Williams, James W. Lane, William Everett Cram, Edwin V. O'Hara, Mary Ellen Chase, Charles Sears Baldwin, Charles Phillips, Vincent Engels 23

Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE RETURN

CONGRESSMAN Britten's welcome home to Secretary Stimson is an announcement that the House Committee on Naval Affairs, of which he is chairman, will conduct hearings on the treaty so laboriously concluded at London. Now despite Mr. Britten's well-known distaste for naval conferences of any size, shape or color, this announcement comes as a surprise, for it is equally well known that the Senate alone has power to ratify or to reject treaties. It may be argued that appropriations for naval construction originate in the House of Representatives, and from this it might follow that Mr. Britten's purpose is to secure advance information for the budget. But we doubt that he himself will trouble to present this or any other excuse. Mr. Britten needs no apologies. He is anxious to discredit the treaty, and the prime purpose of the hearings is to establish a source for propaganda.

But would it not be good generalship if he were to save his energies for an occasion worthier of them, and one more optimistic of success in keeping with the labor expended. This treaty stands an excellent chance of being passed quickly. What sufficient objection can be raised against its ratification? It is quite harmless. Of course it stipulates a battleship holiday, and gives us parity with Great Britain. All those who want us to have the strongest fleet on the seas will not think of this in terms of victory. Within the next five years we shall have a smaller navy, true, but it ought to be a more efficient one, better balanced and with greater fighting power, considering the new problems of naval warfare. The persons who should be displeased with the London treaty are not the isolationists or the big navy men, but all who hoped that Mr. MacDonald's chipper predictions of wholesale disarmament had some basis in fact. And whom shall they blame for its betrayal of these bright hopes? We know how nearly Great Britain and France reached an understanding before the conference adjourned, and it is perfectly obvious that the one obstacle which could not finally be overcome was the attitude of the United States. Our unwillingness to enter into any kind of political agreement, even an agreement to consult with the other powers in the threat of war, almost wrecked the conference and had we been able to enter such a pact the conference could have adjourned a month earlier than it did, with a five-power treaty ready for the signing. It was indeed a great deal we asked of our delegation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—to secure substantial reductions in naval armaments without political commitments of any character.

It seems to us that Secretary Stimson deserves applause for bringing home any treaty at all. Considering the difficulties which were much greater than expected, and the fact that intensive preparation on the part of Great Britain and the United States was not duplicated by France and Italy, probably the treaty deserves all the tributes which Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald have paid it. And if it leaves the Mediterranean problem still in the air, if the conference which drafted it at times increased the rancor between France and Italy, at least it has confirmed the understanding between Great Britain, Japan and ourselves. This is not much, but it is more than was accomplished at Geneva. If the Geneva fiasco did not make the world lose interest and confidence in the movement for disarmament, we do not think it extravagant to believe that the partial success at London will yet be the basis for other pacts, more general in scope and more drastic in detail, pacts limiting navies and armies to the actual policing requirements of peace, pacts based upon the expectancy of peace.

This is what Mr. Britten ought to beware of. The naval conference has not ended; it has adjourned for the time being. France and Italy are to begin negotiations between themselves, and the heads of both delegations have been good natured enough to promise that an understanding satisfactory to the other powers will be arrived at. The way has been left open for this three-power treaty to become in all respects one of five; if that can be done the principle of limitation of arms by agreement will be definitely established in practice, and much doubt about the success of further conferences will be removed. Mr. Britten ought to save himself for such a possibility. Let him lay low and bide his time. The enemy will be fooled into thinking him permanently comatose and overreach themselves. They will be wide open for attack and he can come forth, at the proper hour.

WEEK BY WEEK

M. BRIAND, having the naval conference off his mind for the time being, and well satisfied that he has made the most of his opportunity to put both America and England in place, turns again to the Economic Federation of Europe which he launched at Geneva last year. He has prepared a questionnaire to sound out the governments of the twenty-six nations which figure in his plan. It strikes us again that the Federation is an idea with which M. Briand cannot fail to triumph. National prejudices may prove too strong for his avowed aim, which is a union of economic interests to break down tariff barriers between the nations, and to segregate industries according to national resources, but mere dalliance with it serves a purpose which for some years has been discernible in the least of M. Briand's so complex activities. And that is to give notice to England, for one, that her interests lie in coöperation with the continent, rather than in dictation of European affairs, and to America that her economic policies do not go unresented. The plan has been described as being a wild fantastic dream; it is anything but that; and M. Briand fits not at all the rôle of the slightly cracked angel which, particularly among Americans, he is popularly supposed to play.

Briand Inquires

LIFE would seem to have grown calmer in Mexico. The president has apparently recovered to some extent from his wounds, bandits are not more active than usual, and talk of industrial development is in the air. Still more evidence of amity is afforded in the realm of church-state relationships. The news that Señor Rubio and the apostolic delegate enjoyed a "most cordial meeting" may (though it was not mentioned by correspondents to the daily press resident in Mexico) be accepted as a kindly omen. This meeting is commonly regarded as a first step toward a long-hoped-for sensibleness on the matter of religious activities. Quite as interesting is the evident eagerness of the Mexico City journalists to fill columns with ecclesiastical news. Excelsior recently devoted a full page to a bishop's pastoral outlining the character of civil authority and the nature of the obligations it can exact. This document was so lucid and amenable that all who read it must have been impressed with the reasonableness of the Catholic claims. But even those who either did not read or failed to be impressed have apparently tired of the kind of progress which General Calles adapted from the Moscow original. We have grown sceptical of optimism but, after all, there seems to be something in it.

Mexican Progress

IN A recent issue we published a résumé of the controversy between Father Walsh and Time regarding the status of religious persecution in Russia. The magazine has since circulated an explanation of its conduct, with the request that this be given notice. To our great regret we feel compelled to state that this document does not seem to alter the situation in the least. Publication of the offensive cartoon is defended on the ground that Father Walsh had sent copies of it to priests, who had shown it to others. The fact remains that its appearance in Time, adorned with cynical comment, necessarily seemed to any Christian that something more than bad taste which is malice. Though it be unfair to impute a motive to any editor, there was certainly no evidence of any other sentiment on the part of Time than amused satisfaction. Secondly, the conclusion that Father Walsh had published only "out-of-date" stories is held justifiable on the ground that only one ecclesiastic was reported to have been shot after 1923, though there

Time and Time Again

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were "some cases of exile and imprisonment." Let us note that all the "atrocities" listed have occurred during the past ten years; that the record of torture and imprisonment since 1927, as given, is at least as harrowing as the story of the Ohio penitentiary débâcle; and that more than thirteen hundred churches are reported to have been closed during the past year. If all this is vintage news, we have missed our guess. The most curious aspect of the explanation, however, is the phrase that Father Walsh admitted that Rykov is "probably technically correct" in ascribing Soviet anti-religious activity to fighting the "counter-revolution." What becomes of the qualifying assertion that Rykov is probably right because the Soviet state has publicly proclaimed God its arch-enemy, wherefore religious belief has become treason? This treatment is in keeping with the assertion that Father Walsh's pamphlet was "put forth in such a way as to persuade" Catholics into believing that the old era of atrocities in Russia is still continuing. The purposes of the pamphlet are clearly set forth on the first page. To our mind they were successfully achieved, even if the author stressed information he had personally gathered during his stay in Russia.

The People's Coolidge

INVESTIGATING The Enigma of Calvin Coolidge, in the North American Review, Mr. John Pell concludes that the ex-President is, above all, an artist in sensing the public's wishes. The image of Coolidge, "the silent man who believes in economy and work," he says, was carefully built up by the real Coolidge long before his presidential days. It was, in actuality, "the attitude of a small-town lawyer toward his clients." Later it came in very handy politically when the after-the-war discounting of enthusiasms made it "the ideal of the American people." And what is the real identity that Mr. Pell finds behind this dramatic projection? "A funny man with red hair," articulate, color-loving, even gay. Thus the White House housekeeper testifies that Mr. Coolidge was more interested in presidential etiquette, and had more clothes, than any of his four predecessors. On the Mayflower "he invariably appeared in a yachting cap." In the West he took to chaps and Indian feathers. He gave recipes to the White House chef, and played pranks on the secret service men. Above all, he has always had power with words—as class humorist at Amherst; as governor during the Boston police strike, when "a brilliant little proclamation" gave him the Vice-Presidency; as President, emitting smileless and unique drolleries. Well, we admit that Mr. Pell redresses some of the values of the conventional Coolidge portrait, but we don't believe he will surprise the public much. They knew it all along. There is a gallery of national showmen, of which the mob are the custodians and "color" is the only password; and Mr. Coolidge's place in it at this moment is as secure as Jack Dempsey's or Babe Ruth's.

We Are Not Amused

WE MUST confess that our chief disappointment at the recently incarcerated Jason M. Roberts, now out on bail, is not that he got funny with the census man, but that he really didn't get funny. We hasten to reiterate that we regard the census as an important survey, meriting the serious coöperation of all citizens. Only, we say, if a citizen here and there is impelled to risk the prescribed penalty —six months' imprisonment and $500 fine—for the sake of inditing replies that are witty instead of informative let them at least *be* witty. Let our civic pain at his flippancy at least be alleviated by amusement at his words. There is no such alleviation in Mr. Roberts. He cannot plead the quality of the born entertainer whose quips and cranks and wanton Will Rogerisms are their own excuse for being—"Can you speak English?" "No." "Are you naturalized or an alien?" "Yes"—this sort of smartness without sparkle merely makes us repeat Queen Victoria's famous denial. We prophesy that more than one vaudeville skit will get a hand in the near future from a dialogue that runs about like this: "I see where a guy went to jail for making cracks about the census questions." "A guy went to jail for making cracks about the census questions?" "That's what I said." "What cracks did he make about the census questions?" "He said"—thus and so. "Well, he ought to go to jail."

The Presbyterians and Matrimony

LIKE almost every other moral agency in the United States, the Presbyterian Church has observed with alarm the spread of divorce and sexual laxity. It therefore appointed a commission to study what is known as the marriage problem, and has now received an official report embodying not a few interesting observations. Not all of these are as definite and clear-cut as desirable, but when we are told that "the home and the haetera are cleverly jockeying for position" our assent is likely to be given sadly but sincerely. One important modification of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, as suggested by the commission, has been given considerable attention. This contained the phrase: "Such as profess the true reformed religion should not marry with infidels, papists and other idolators." A declaration of this kind, declared the commission, is hardly "consonant with the religious temper of our day" and ought to be deleted. "Many Roman Catholics," the commissioners went on to say, "are sincere and intelligent believers in Our Lord Jesus Christ, and marriages with them may be 'in the Lord,' even though such marriages may be beset with dangers." One has only words of approval for such language, the converse of which is approximately what Catholics would use respecting Presbyterians. The old denunciatory verdicts, born of a different psychosis in a long-past age, should disappear from the modern religious vocabulary without making room for flabbiness or the variety of "good-will" which would,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparently, induce some exponents to the Gospel to welcome even Anti-Christ into their pulpits.

Good News about Hospitals

AT A moment when the deplorable condition of American prisons is in the limelight, one turns with real pleasure to the gratifying development of hospitals. The number of institutions caring for the sick is increasing, and an endless amount of hard work is being expended to improve the agencies of remedial care. To summarize what is being done by the Catholic body in this vast field, a special number of Hospital Progress (March, 1930) has been devoted to a statistical survey. The editors secured an almost unanimous response to the questionnaire sent out, and were thus able to compile figures that may be accepted without question. It is instructive and encouraging to read these data carefully, and we hope the number will be circulated widely. Some few findings may be listed here. Catholic hospitals total 12.7 percent of all non-government hospitals in the country, and more than 60 percent of the sectarian hospitals. When the number of available beds is taken into consideration, the proportion is still more favorable to the Catholic institutions. Most of these are general hospitals, in almost all of which special attention is given to the maternity wards. According to the figures given 23 percent of all the children born in hospitals see the light of day under Catholic supervision. Relatively speaking the percentage of cancer hospitals is high, while the number of Catholic institutions caring for nervous or mentally diseased patients is low. Quite as interesting are the statistics concerning the efficiency of the hospitals and their staffs. It is all an achievement regarding which "circumstances" do not have to be borne in mind. The work is tremendous, excellent and successful in every way.

Congress and Incunabula

ONE bill regarding which there could be no difference of opinion was introduced some time ago by Representative Ross A. Collins, of Mississippi. Indeed, if it were not for the dictates of economy the matter would have been taken care of in a jiffy. A famous German collector of books, Dr. Otto Vollbehr, presents for sale to the United States government for the Library of Congress his accumulation of incunabula, as books printed during the early days of the art's history are termed. One item is a unique three-volume Gutenberg Bible—absolutely the only one of its kind in existence, and held to be worth a round million dollars. Dr. Vollbehr offers his entire library, 3,000 volumes, at $500 apiece, which figure is "absurdly reasonable" according to testimony offered during the course of a committee hearing by assembled connoisseurs. Two objections were advanced: that the Library needed funds for other purposes and that the purchase of such a collection would deter citizens from making bequests. The first is valid but ought not to stand in the way of a special purchase, and the second is pointless. Undoubtedly the Bible has been the great book of American civilization, and quite as undeniably possession of the Gutenberg copy would make the Library a place which countless throngs would visit. Apart from all this is the indisputable value of such a fund of incunabula for the student of printing, book-making and culture. Our vote is cast for Mr. Collins, and we shall be on hand with a bouquet if the Gutenberg is welcomed to Washington.

Augmenting a Dictionary's Use

TWO important pamphlets now in press have been designed by the Universal Knowledge Foundation to augment the use of the New Catholic Dictionary in classrooms. These are a classified contents of the Dictionary and a list of the questions that are answered in its pages, with suggestions for compositions and courses of reading and study. We have already joined our enthusiasm to that of many others who have hailed the advent of this publication; it must follow naturally that anything which would insure a practical acquaintance, and a knowledge of, its contents takes on high desirability. Nowhere can the Dictionary be employed to greater advantage than in the school or college classroom. For besides being a source of knowledge, it is an incentive to further inquiry into those realms of religious learning which are not contained in textbooks or, being contained, are largly unassimilated because of the onerousness frequently attached to textbooks. "For lack of a work like this," the editors declare, "it has been impossible hitherto to give students the broad and inspiring outlook they should have on Catholic life; to start them finding out facts and truths for themselves; to interest them in learning the many things they should know over and above what they get in the textbook or classroom." It was to fill such a need that the Dictionary was published; one can but hope that it will be utilized with all thoroughness.

The Poet Laureate

ROBERT BRIDGES, whose death at an advanced age was reported on April 21, might fairly claim to have assumed with courage all the risks of individuality. For years he was so entirely a poets' poet that his appointment to the Laureateship was followed by an almost universal interrogation. He kept England itself wondering by a definite independence of mind even after he had attained a quasi-official rank. Intellectually blind in several astonishing ways, he attained nevertheless to an exceptionally comprehensive culture which seldom left him the victim of a theory. The fruits of a lifetime devoted to science, art and meditation were eventually garnered into a poem that bears all the earmarks of longevity and importance. Nobody can say of The Testament of Beauty that it is "life in the raw." Concerned with no adventure beyond the essential records of human

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experience, its vitality is almost that of a mediaeval Summa or a new book of psalms. The flexibility of Bridges's instrumentation is likewise a tribute to his carefully achieved integrity. Whereas so many even of the best poets never surmounted one manner—the etching of Hardy, the laconic imagism of Housman—Robert Bridges had an astounding insight into the suppleness of forms. From this point of view, Mr. Yeats is his only modern rival. That such a man should have left his mark was as inevitable as that carving it should have taken him a long time.

Why We Leave Home

FOR the second time within a few weeks, Rome proves how unprogressive she is, measured by our standards of civilization. When Mussolini recently announced that the Eternal City was to be built to a 2,000,000 capacity—more than twice its present population—he added the stern proviso that the new plans were to be regulated, in speed and scope, by the necessity of preserving the old beauties. And now it appears that a good many Roman landlords are making trouble for tenants who want to own radios. Roman houses have balconies or "terraces" on their roofs which permit the snatching of a breath of air during nights otherwise unbearably hot, and the house owners object to having them filled up with aerials. Items like this give one a feeling both weird and wistful, as if they dealt with something recognizably unreal. It is not that the principles behind them are unfamiliar. Civic reformers are always telling us that other things are important to a city besides rapidity of growth. Social critics are always pointing out that comfort should be considered before a mere craze for mechanical devices. Only we never see these things acted on. No power known to us ever actually and concretely steps in to check the expansion of a city on the sale of a radio. We should probably all be secretly shocked if it did. It is our fate, that is, our rooted character, to be a progressive which may explain, in every sense, why we travel so much.

Flash-back of War

THOUGH the large results of war are still with us, the sense of its separate personal tragedies has so far receded that an item like the one just reported from Budapest brings reminder with something of a shock. A Hungarian, ill in Rotterdam of an old war wound, pretended aphasia, deafness and dumbness in order to claim the identity of a missing English soldier whose photograph he resembled. He not only convinced the soldier's father; an American family and several other English families also read and believed his story, with this difference, that each claimed him for their son. He was later exposed by the Hungarian minister to Holland, though his supposed father at first refused to accept the truth, and continued sending him letters and gifts across the Hungarian border. This almost incredible story illustrates what we have all helplessly felt time and again: that there is a grotesque element which tragedy shares with farce. Only in this case, we are not likely, perhaps, to pause in academic contemplation of the fact. The realization that so many heart-sick hopes are still alive to concentrate themselves on this or that promise, that so many people can be fooled because they still endure the agony of uncertain loss, will rather quicken the memory of the time when most of us bore the griefs that these have kept on learning.

MOTHER NATURE

DURING the past twelvemonth diverse memorials of Romanticism have been carefully taken from their shelves and dusted. The resultant portraits of Hernani at right angles and in profile may be of only passing interest, but the points of view raised 100 years ago were never more important than now. For philosophy has returned to literature. A critic is no longer worth his salt unless he can quote Aristotle. Mr. Bridges has left a "testament" which some folk term a catalogue of speculations. And, of course, the debate about humanism has turned the spotlight upon phrases culled from Confucius and Saint Thomas. Ten years ago matters were different. Walt Whitman was then a new dispensation and a quotation from Hegel at second hand was enough to win for any critic an honorary degree. To a considerable extent, the new order can be traced to the universities, where graduate study has proved a popular diversion. An equally important factor, one thinks, has been the mere appearance of such serious personalities as Messrs. Eliot, Winters et al.

But is it not worth remembering that literature rendered similar homage to philosophy 100 years ago? Coleridge, the very type of Romantic genius, turned from poetry to lead his people into the tropics of German thought. And almost before he realized what was happening he had expressed the religious meaning of English Romanticism in a way destined to remain influential for decades. Perhaps his theories are not of much value to us now. One cannot, however, avoid noticing that tradition and change were almost evenly blended in Coleridge. In some respects he was living whole-heartedly in the world refashioned by the Revolution; in other ways he was harking back to the middle-ages. That makes him representative. Compare, for instance, Mr. Irwin Edman writing on "the new naturalism" in a recent issue of the Nation. "We work in the twentieth century and dream in the twelfth," he complains. "We are neighbors to the dynamo and we escape to a marble temple shining on an ancient Mediterranean hill." An he concludes that while it was normal for older and simpler civilizations to have bequeathed "form" of lasting beauty, "The challenge to literature and to the other arts in our generation is precisely that of giving some pattern and coherence to the new world, the new themes and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unprecedented urgencies that have come into our lives with the new order."

Now while Mr. Edman is a naturalist in the Aristotelian sense, inclined to see in nature "the matrix and material of all our ideals and the locus of all possible destinies," the principle underlying his appeal is not much different from that which absorbed Coleridge. He wants literature to entertain a decent respect for past achievements, even as he himself doffs a hat to Aristotle. But he also wants it to help reflect and, beyond that, master the new environment—social and material, natural and spiritual—which now impales the human adventure. Here he parts company with the humanist critics, who almost (if not entirely) believe that the subject-matter and practical business of literature are unchanging. Mr. Elliott, for instance, deplores this very concern with "environment" in modern poetry, feeling that great verse is properly a treasure passed on from one master to another. In France the lines between the two points of view have, no doubt, been drawn more clearly. There Julien Benda stands in sharp opposition to Albert Thibaudet—the static conception of literature and thought against the kinetic conception of literature and thought. Mr. Edman feels that literature can do something with and for human conditions. Mr. Babbitt holds that literature must not be affected by human conditions.

May a Catholic critic be pardoned for suggesting that his experience—or rather the experience of the Church as he understands it—is of some pertinence in this debate? The Romantic movement, viewed as a whole seems deplorable to Mr. Babbitt because of the anarchical tendencies manifest in it. He castigates Rousseau's deference to feeling and Wordsworth's affection for impulses from the vernal wood. To the Catholic historian, however, the picture suggested is a totally different one. He sees in Romanticism a "homeward movement" to the Church, which sometimes expressed itself in conversions, again in admiration for the middle-ages, and finally in a religious-minded symbolism. To him Scott appears to be almost an apologist and Novalis something like a prophet. Indeed, the effect of the "homecoming" was so powerful that it almost hampered any movement forward on the part of those who had always remained at home. Those Catholics who wished to do something for a society which they realized had turned democratic were sometimes greatly annoyed by protagonists of a revival of the Holy Roman empire or of chivalry. They might shake their heads as vigorously as they liked, but all eyes turned to the mediaeval era as toward the lost Eden for which one could only sigh regretfully in a later and degenerate age.

It is most interesting to note that all the Catholic writers named approvingly by American humanists are Romantic, in the sense just outlined. Messrs. Maritain, Chesterton and Belloc are all as fervently mediaevalistic as Kenelm Digby himself. Indeed, Mr. Belloc's Europe and the Faith was anticipated by Novalis. That there has been another and more definitely "classical" movement inside the Church has, for some curious reason, been ignored. The essence of this movement—for which we are not making a brief at the expense of the other side—seems to lie in the emphasis which is placed upon the development of cultural forces. While the mediaevalist is impressed with the splendid form which Christianity once assumed in Europe, the "classicist" is concerned with the form which human existence can acquire here, now and at any time under the tutelage of faith. For him literature has a definite function and purpose. It is one of the channels through which the religious personality acts. Yearning for knowledge may degenerate into what Mr. Babbitt properly lambasts as libido sciendi. But it may also be what the Abbé Vialatoux terms "besoin de comprendre"—our need to know. This, the learned priest reminds us, is, in the final analysis, "the aspiration of the spirit, to behold things reattach themselves to the creative essence whence they have flowed, and to make plain to oneself their reason for being." Since literature is our means of knowing man it has, honestly and sincerely used, a place of honor in the genuinely religious life.

And one feels that while every shred of insight obtained by the past is treasurable, the necessity for knowing things as they are now is likewise imperative. Perhaps, in view of the constant plea that God may renew the face of the earth, it is really more imperative. One ought not to be a creature of the times, but there is no way out of being a creature of time. Our interests, our joys, our problems derive their individuality from the fact that the sun has risen several times since last week. But if we concede to Mr. Edman that it is a mistake to live "scolding, petulant and doomed in the midst of the contemporary world," we may likewise reserve the conviction that he has made things too easy for himself. Professor Babbitt would not be a phenomenon if he were not necessary. For so far as history enables us to divine the character of the natural man, it reveals a creature normally flabby, non-heroic, spiritually anarchical. The society he constructs is equable only if there be found in it some point of rigor, like the barren stake which supports the roses. That is why the puritan mood is indissociable from reputable civilization. The torch which the Roman Stoic passed on to the Christian ascetic, and which later flamed in the hands of Pascal, is as natural a humanistic phenomenon as any other. Babbitt is seen, therefore, as the spokesman for something vital and representative. But if his desire to be the whole of cultural vitality and the specially appointed ambassador from the kingdom of worthwhile is understandable (men who believe in their doctrines are often truculent enough) Mr. Edman's dismay is likewise quite reasonable. What is needed is a larger synthesis. One seems to be living in an age when the stones of which the house may be builded are being assembled—while there is a strange unawareness of the foundation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS FROM OXFORD

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

KATHERINE MAYNARD *has edited a new collection of Miss Guiney's letters, the first of two sections of which appears herewith. The Commonweal believes that, quite apart from their intrinsic charm, these treasured letters are important because they reflect one of the finest personalities in American Catholic literature. They are the workaday communications of a poet. It may be added that Miss Guiney, who was born in 1861 and who died in 1920, spent the later years of her life at Oxford, England, whence these letters were sent. The introduction was written by Mrs. Maynard.—The Editors.*

IF WE must admit as a general truth that the great letter writers, like the great saints, are chiefly to be found in ages past, is it not the more refreshing to come upon an occasional modern exception? When the gentle art flourished at its highest it is to be remembered, moreover, that it was also a distinctly formal art, practised more or less consciously by the writers of the time along with other literary forms. It seems certain, for example, that Lady Mary's keen sallies were put forth with at least half an eye to publication. And even more was this probably true of Walpole's polished gossip. Given an event such as the coronation or the funeral of a king, he could write brilliantly and at length; but lacking such external stimulus, his practised pen took refuge in phrases of such deliberate quotability as: "News there are none; nobody is even dead."

But the ideal letters have always been those written with a fine sincerity and spontaneity, which depended for effect upon neither news value nor pointed conceit. Cowper was thus content to "scribble away as usual" for no better reason than that his friends liked to hear from him, and Lamb, declaring genially, "Opinions is a species of property that I am always desirous of sharing with my friends," found "Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em."

Akin to these in character, self-revealing but not in the least self-conscious, are these letters of Miss Guiney. Written from a single region (Oxford) addressed to but one person, and without any of the usual traveler's chatter about persons or places, they hold the reader's interest because they are as fluent and personal as good talk between friends. They reflect a temperament as brave as it was gay, and afford such a glimpse of their gifted author (who was praised by Stevenson and compared to Lamb) as to make one envious of the friendship that inspired them.

July 2, 1901.

My dear ———, What you must think of me, truly I know not. But I have been an unfit comrade ever since I came away, with only enough decency left to hide in a hole, and say little to anyone. I believe you know what a time my poor aunt had for two months in Devon. She made no sort of a recovery. . . . Nurses have been my only intimates for three months, and any sort of literary work, or open-air enjoyment, have been put out of the question. I have two here, very efficient, one for day, one for night, to each of whom I pay (or rather, shall, in some rose-colored future, pay) a guinea only a week. I help either, as I am needed. Nothing can exceed the kindness of everyone in Oxford whom I know or don't know. . . .

Thank you so much for that agreeable parcel of magazines. Are you truly coming over? Though I may not be able to hold on to our dream of joint exploration of natural and architectural beauty any longer, I long to see you, and must somehow make out to do it. I wish, meanwhile, that you would manage to let me owe you a dollar, after this fashion: Do buy me, and bring or post me, the Atlantic for May (I think) which has, so I hear, a paper by Miss Daskam on American Minor Poetry, wherein she doth somewhat commend, incidentally, this nigger; also the current Poet Lore, wanted for the same base purpose of drugging with never-earned praise a pen which went out of business three years ago, and which, though dead, still squirmeth.

This is a dismal, newsless letter. You may, with reason, envy me one thing: my heavenly cool weather. . . . Tell the chief that when I send him catalogues, it is as if I sent me heart. And commend me to Miss Stuart, Mr. Swift, and all the dear and dust-choked company at B. P. L., ground floor.

Ever yours, L. I. G.

August 4, 1901.

My very dear ———, You have a way of hitting nails square on their doomed heads. The magazines gave me much joy. I felt amused over one article, and abashed at the approval of the other: you may guess which was which. But The Madness of Philip was even better. Rememberest it? (Mr. Andrew Lang also says, in print, that I am all right, descended from C. Lamb, and "untouched by the modern spirit." So I begin to 'old me 'ead up.)

Aunty is newly out of the woods, after a most terrible second battle with Pallida M. . . . I stay on here to be near her, and work on Appleton manuscripts and proofs, and have even done a couple of reviews: on the Goupils Charles II, for one. I have the book as partial wages, and am thinking of building a house for it. Probably by the time decent folk flee indoors from storm and wind, I shall get a chance to take to the open road. I have hardly seen a tree since March.

People here are awfully kind. I have an American neighbor I like, Miss Florence Warren, once one of Mr. Gilman's dominae at Cambridge. My wardrobe is in tatters, and so must remain this year of grace; but I bought one dud, a fine, cool, brown holland suit I wish you had the like of, for eleven shillings sixpence, here in this home of lost causes! The weather is of course perfection. I dare not ask for details of what it has been at home; that is, I dare not ask Brother Hunt. For though he professes to like a hot day, he is linguistically capable of dealing with it when it oversteps a certain limit. I never look at the rather prim and scared two who are at the helm of the late Sir T. Bodley's glorious ship without thinking what a very bloomin' breeze would spring up under and around them if one or two of our B. P. L. men appeared on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deck. In that Bodleian, by the way, where I now can work by scattering half-hours, I have found some new (unsigned) bits by Henry Vaughan. Intrinsic evidence is the best of all games of hazard, methinks.

What of your vacation? Good luck to it, if it be yet to come. I send you some lavender and $1.12, which doesn't in the least look the size of the much-appreciated favor you did me. . . . My love and remembrance to the other deskholders. I hope you have seen the last of the Wm. Salt Archaeological Society and the Tracts for the Times! And can recall by some more ideal token, dear shepherdess of Ward 11,

Your always affectionate, Louise I. Guiney.

September 8, 1901.

Excellent Wench: (accent on the Peanut.) Your profane and joy-giving script of Juy 28, dealing with 'ellish eats, sea swims in thunderstorms, and fumes of mingled High Church incense and Lucretian cigarettes, shall at last be answered after a fashion. I feel free to write because the paper will not smell dismal: I think our daisy picnic of the last five months is fully and finally over. Mine aunt is a graduate eater and sleeper, looks rosy, walks well, and has fallen into her ancient habits of housekeeping; all to the unmitigated amazement of two clever medicine-men. We quitted our quarters on Ship Street because it was a University lodging, and ere term-time approaches we have found (thanks to the former landlord and his dame) a bully foothold a bit farther away from the middle of things. You'll know where to place us: between Worcester College and the University Press. It is a big house, and there's no one in it but the two owners, their inaudible son of fifteen, and ourselves. Here we have the best cuckoo's nest I ever hoped for: three rooms and a little square hall or lobby entirely our own, with the use at any or all times of the drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen. This last is of a size; and there doth my jelly-maker putter to her domestic heart's content. No maid profanes the place; but we keep doves, we do, and grow roses. My study looks on the garden, and that September garden is full of them, bonnie in every leaf, and rich as peonies. I have my own tools spread all about; it's very homey! That killing dandy and heroic knight, Van Dyck's Earl of Carnarvon, presides on the wall in a new frame I have just had made; and under him do we sit every day, to drink boiled cocoa after months of pious resignation to the unspeakable substitute dear to the British heart. For all this urban and academic paradise, including linen, dishes, gas, etc., we pay six shillings each a week!

As this is a pig's bulletin, I must put it in that within a fortnight I have begun to go afield, for hours at a time, carefree. Mushrooms of all sorts abound now, and poppies and blackberries. I sometimes mount the iron steed. It is violent mental gymnastics, I find, to remember to turn to the left. Bicycling gives me but a chaste non-Uranian delight. A chance paddle, or a leg, is still the best motor.

Next Wednesday I am to initiate on the "Char" (a weedy, sulky little stream it is, these days) a pleasant damsel, learned in the black art: videlicet, high German. (For the first time in my life, I have plenty of female society. They're great fun, the wimmen! I wonder some person of discernment doesn't marry the whole of 'em. A nice one used to live next door, on Ship Street; we became great friends, and do foregather much. Know her? Florence Warren, once of Mr. Gilman's school; rather large and serene; handsome; can crack and eat Gower, Lydgate, and Caedmon.) I went to Iffley for the hundredth time, and thought of you. Never did I appreciate till now what an unspoiled Norman jewel that is: every molding of the old work traceable under, or beside, the E. E. and perpendicular additions. Not a modern blemish anywhere, if you except the peculiarly placed organ, and the round window punched in the west front. On an Iffley walk, I always manage to take in Sandford, or Newman's Littlemore. His old half-monastic quarters are there, and his study has fallen to a poor woman who at least knows it was his ("Oh, yes, Miss, me 'usband used to say 'e 'ad 'is desk 'ere!) which is more than a distinguished Fellow of Oriel knew of Newman's Oriel rooms, until I told him, to his evident joy and amusement; the latter applied to my position as instructress.

I grub much at the Bodleian. The librarian and sub-librarian both look scared to death if you speak to them. . . . As for the catalogue, words fail me. What think you of

Rhys or Rees, John David: See Rhoesus, John David

and

Rhoesus or Rees, John David, see Rhys

with scattered entries of the same book under both? Yea! and of hundreds of magazines, each called some sort or other of review, all run under the catch-title, "Review," and arranged, not alphabetically, but chronologically? And of the Carte Manuscripts, a vast and valuable collection, supplied with a printed list which kindly informs you that Volume XI (say of two hundred and forty pages) relates in part to the Earl of Ormonde and affairs in Ireland, with "miscellaneous matter"! It is maddening, is the Bod. But you adore it somehow. They keep the big sixteenth-century windows always open, so there's a wind from heaven blowing gaily at that end, and a good stiff wintry wind it generally is, too.

It is to you, isn't it? that I owe the latest B. P. L. catalogue, though it didn't come addressed in your handwriting. My best thanks to whomsoever. I must say it gives poor me a scandalous "character": crawling in in June, and wriggling out in the very next January. . . . My loving compliments to my quondam fellow-slaveys. I shall write A. Jordan tomorrow. . . .

You may believe all good Yankees over here are concerned, too, for the poor President. It makes one hang the head to think such things happen often in a republic. The fact that the scoundrels and stoopids are foreign anarchists is neither here nor there; the thing shows that we have failed somewhere, that our air is not the germ-killer we mean it to be. I hope mightily that the President won't die. He would become a popular hero forever, and imperialism, especially imperialism as taken up and fattened by that honorable but dangerous Teddy, would get a sanction that generations of protest couldn't abrogate. I fancy we feel alike on this knotty subject.

As time passes, and you glance at the Contributors' Club of the Atlantic, and see flippant nothings about Lying, or Herrick, or Actors, or Tom, the Big Bell of Christ Church ("Ch. Ch."!) or a Lady-pig of a critical turn, you'll know 's me.

Your ancient, L. I. G.

January 3, 1902.

My dear Pal:—"Over seas and o'er mountains that Neptune obey," that jewelry arrove! Yes, intact and ecstatic; to be the thorn against which this bedraggled nightingale sets a very proud breast. It's a dear thing, dretful useful, timely to a degree, and extra-beloved by reason of your all-too-appropriate motto. I say to it: Serus in humum redeas! We shall see. Your little letter preceded it, and the big one has been satisfactory (like the giant Christmas turkey whose ultimate pickings we have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only just achieved) for many a day past. Thank you true. As a retired galley-slave of U.S. P.O., of excessive anti-protectionist tendencies, I should have besought you to attach the bonnie thing to the middle rib of a newspaper. . . .

I fell into temptation last week at a bookstall, and carried off a little book which will enchant you, if it be new to you as it was to me: G. S. Street's Quales Ego. I also lassoed three supercharming Dent volumes belonging to the Temple Classics, each a fifty-center and beautiful as a dream. a complete Dante, with notes, diagrams, pedigrees, and even a decent running translation into English. I feel even as a Carnegie might, if he were a pig. All this out of an American-born pound note, with a trip to Lunnon and back yet to come. I go up usually for a grind; this time I go for clo', my aunt's clo', moreover. Shade of Eve! what do I in that galley?

You should know Toulmin Smith, Lucy. Born in Roxbury, she tells me! She is librarian at Manchester, the Unitarian post-graduate college here; a far more mediaeval thing to look at than Keble is, and a magnificent library it is. She is little, thin, shining fair, infinitely keen, quick, affable, full of despatch, forgets nothing, perfectly unaffected; twenty years old, and let calendars be hanged! I have walked with many women and men who fear not to put their best foot forward. But I never footed it beside a creature (save only my dear Tom Meteyard at Scituate) who went too fast for me, until I met said Lucy! Another delicious eldress living here is Miss Keddie, Sarah Fraser Tytler. But she is the placid indoor sort, with a shawl.

I miss your worship most when I want to swear. The publisher Marlier has just sent me a work called The Perfect Woman, translated from one Charles de Sainte Foie by one Zephyrine Brown. I thanked him, but I also looked the incredible gift horse frankly and intimately in the mouth. That Perfect Woman is, of course, the dodo, cherished and unin-terred, albeit the extinct smell of her has been over the land for at least a generation. Would you be like her, know that "artless ignorance" is her charm; that she is willing her daughters should paint and play pianner, but that she would save them from "giving all their time to these" or other "rash researches"; that she has "a heart which is an abyss of love," and looks to 'usband for light and leading. 'Usband, being a man, follows "ideas," and she (not as the uneducated remnant, but as Perfect Woman) follows "persons." Page 146: "As soon as [woman's mind] exceeds the limits traced for it by Providence and determined by the aim to which it should aspire, Woman loses," etc., etc., Lord, O Lord! Italics fail me. Now it seems to me that a Catholic Philistine, of all Philistines, is the most maddeningly misplaced. Marlier is a Catholic publisher, or at least wears that label. If you love me, kill him, Zephyrine Brown, and the Frenchy, source of evil. Kill 'em in one fell holocaust with the lynchers, the imperialists . . . and then come over and help me slay the obstructionists of these isles. Everyone I would give tuppence for, hereabouts, is a Radical and a pro-Boer. Great, as poor H. C. Bunner once said, are the three perspicuous classes of the English: the Scotch, the Irish, and the dead. Meanwhile, there's Merton Fields and the moldings at Iffley! And therefore one can suffer fools of all sorts far more gladly than in 42° no. lat., so I find.

The big Vaughan crawls, rather more on my colleague's account than on mine, as her chore is biography, and cryptic enough. I help her as I can. She's an adorable duck, is Gwenllian Morgan. I let Hurrell Froude hang. Just now I am starting in on a little prose Vaughan for the University Press. They want him edited from the originals, for a devotional series of Frowde's, price one shilling. They pay you down, and turn you out. Nice beings at the Press. The one I like best stammers furiously; it's huge fun when I have one of my deaf days, and yet would accost him.

Know you anyone who was, and is, an admirer of Adelaide Neilson, a really faithful lover of the seventies? If you do, I'd like to dispose of three little and very early photographs of her, legitimately come into my grasp. Exclude Mr. Henry Clapp, because I gave him one already. They ought to go to someone who remembers her, poor beauty, as a Juliet or a Rosalind unparalleled

Fare you well, for the night and the year. I am a lost soul, with one all-grey temple, and a record of nine-stone-nine; yet as much as ever,

Yours deliberately, L. I. G.

MONEY

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE moment a man sets down the title "Money" over a bit of writing, or brings out the word "money" in conversation, the first idea everyone must have is that he is going to do one of two things. Either to advise them how to become rich quickly, or to advise them to have nothing to do with the beastly thing at all.

Heaven knows I have not the capacity for the first, and I hope I have not the hypocrisy or impudence for the second. If I knew how to become rich quickly I doubt if I should share the knowledge; while as for leaving money alone, why, to pay no attention to money means, nowadays, to neglect keeping alive.

But when people are comfortably sure that you are not going to bore them with either of these directions, they must still have a lingering fear that you are going to deluge them with commonplaces, such as—that money is dross: that one must be prudent in the management of it; that one can't take it with one after death—and so on.

I shall try to avoid these commonplaces because I want to discuss something more or less new; and that is our attitude toward money in the present whirl of things; how we come up against money in the modern moral chaos (which is at the same time the modern tendency to the control of life by a few financial powers).

The first thing that occurs to me is this: let us avoid like an intellectual and moral plague the false idea that the virtues, greater or lesser, make a man wealthy, and that there is something disgraceful, either morally or intellectually, in *becoming* poor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the old days there was much truth in the idea that industry produced money for the industrious man and that poverty was his own fault. That is still true among the peasantries of Europe. If a man lives upon his own land as did his fathers before him, working hard may make him moderately prosperous; if he is lazy he certainly will not be. But most of us today are not people living on our own few acres. Most of us are living on salaries doled out by great capitalists or capitalist organizations.

Even today there is something in it that industry is associated with material well-being in a modest way. What is quite certain is that getting hold of large sums of money rapidly in the modern fashion, has nothing to do with industry—unless we mean by industry a feverish occupation in gambling. There is no really honest labor about it. There is no actual production of wealth.

And the converse is true. Modern men fall from a decent family competence into miserable poverty daily, not through lack of industry, but through remote causes of which they know nothing and which act with an abominable injustice. They are ruined by a speculator 3,000 miles away, by a sudden change in fashion engineered by a few press monopolists by one of those raids upon small investments which, under the immorality of our time, the law fails to punish.

Now if we can get it well fixed into our heads that, though sober industry is still a virtue and should in a proper state of society add decency to wealth, yet that today great wealth has nothing to do with industry, we have taken the first and most important step toward the right appreciation of money in this our broken-up and utterly unstable modern world.

From this there follows a second principle, morally of the highest importance: let us avoid, like a plague of the intellect and of the conscience as well, the quite modern and quite despicable illusion that the possession of wealth is something to be worshiped and the lack of it something to be despised.

Of course, all sane morals, that is all Catholic morals, teach us what is after all only common sense, that there is nothing to despise in poverty. And most men (especially if they are poor men) will agree at once. But oddly enough the converse is not true. Most men today, and especially poor men, have got hold of a quite new idea and a damnably false one, to wit, that the possession of large sums of money by a man makes him in some way essentially superior. I say this is a new disease and therefore let us hope one which will not last long.

Of course men have always been struck by display: they have always accepted subordination to great fortunes: they have always envied those richer than themselves. Great wealth, however suddenly acquired, has always had its effect upon society.

But I am talking here of something quite different. I am talking of a sort of sacramental attitude toward the possession of money in large amounts. The sort of religious awe in which modern men stand toward it. The modern idea that it in some way connotes a real superiority in character. Never was there a more cursed heresy, nor ever was there a more contemptibly foolish error of the intelligence.

The very word "fortune" should teach us that. For our fathers, throughout countless generations, regarded a great accumulation of money as dependent more upon luck than upon anything else. The goddess of fortune was merely the goddess of luck; and therefore when men talked of another man's "great fortune," they meant by their speech that he had great luck—not high spiritual rank.

The habit is an idolatry and an idolatry of the basest kind. By an accident which is common in human affairs, its very stupidity is its strength.

Now if we can get rid of that idolatry from the mass of modern men, we shall get rid of one of the main incentives for grasping at wealth: and the best medicine for ridding us of such false ideas is the close observation of how great accumulations arise. If we watch this growth today we shall discover that exactly the same kind of man who achieves them loses them; and he usually loses quicker than he wins. I could make a list of fifty great fortunes made and lost under my own eyes and in my own lifetime. And in the acquisition and the loss there was present precisely the same cause—mere gambling.

The last thing to be said about money is, I think, the most important, and surely it is very simple. It is this, one should never sell oneself. Selling oneself is the universal disease of our time. It is thought normal and natural—especially by those who serve out news and political arguments in the press. That is why what the public is told on national affairs is so very different from what one learns from private conversation.

If men could not be bought, rapidly made fortunes would lose three-quarters of their power. Especially would it prevent these new millionaires from controlling and manufacturing public opinion. Selling oneself does not mean taking occupation. If it meant that, we should be condemning the whole human race from the beginning of civilized times. It does not mean preferring a greater gain for one's labor than a lesser. It means doing for money that which our conscience tells us not to do (or even our honor tells us not to do) and something we would not do if we were fortunate enough to be free men.

Cardinal Manning said to me when I was nineteen years old and first entering this writing trade of mine, "Always sign your name to what you write." It was a counsel of perfection; I have not always followed it. Many men who earn their living by the pen cannot follow it from the nature of their engagements. Still a counsel of perfection it remains—and I am following it here although from the simplicity of these poor remarks of mine I should prefer perhaps that they remained anonymous.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

THE GOOD BERLINER'S OPERA

By REDFERN MASON

IN AMERICA opera is considered a luxury; in Europe it is regarded as education. Your Berlin tradesman goes to the Volksoper once or twice a week, takes his wife and children with him, and listens to Tristan or Freischutz. Or maybe he turns to the drama and listens to Hamlet, for in the fatherland Shakespeare is more frequently played than he is in any English-speaking country.

You may ask how can the good Berliner afford it. The answer is not far to seek. The German cities subsidize their opera and drama. The Volksoper receives an annual $250,000 a year; its patrons are a society of 40,000 men and women, who for $.40 can hear first-class performances of the Ring. The places are chosen by lot; one night you may find yourself in a box, the next occasion in the topmost gallery: if you are a stranger you pay $2.50.

And the quality of the performances is high. True the principals do not receive more than $250 a performance and most of them less than that; for $250 is the highest fee any opera star receives in Germany, with the exception of the elect few who are hors concours, singers like Chaliapin, Claudia Muzio, Schipa. The members of the chorus have one and all of them had a couple of years' thorough training in music and stage technique. Nor is poverty penalized. The Berlin Hochschule is not a musical factory, where anyone who can pay the fee can be taught music, even though nature meant him to be a tailor. The Hochschule receives an annual $150,000 from the city and anyone can study there almost free of charge who can prove that he or she has talent.

It was the writer's pleasant duty to wander all over Europe to find out why people in the old world allow themselves to be taxed for the provision of what, by most Americans, is regarded as a luxury. "Music is education," said the minister of fine arts of the Prussian state and he told how, when the Allies asked the Germans to forego their operatic and theatrical subventions, in order to pay the indemnity, they flatly refused. The spirit that is Beethoven and Wagner is a thing which the German people "will not willingly let die." The city of Berlin, though often not far from the state of bankruptcy, kept up its annual grants of $250,000 to each of the great opera houses, determined that the spirit which is embodied in the art of the masters of music and drama should not be suffered to perish.

And the minister turned to the writer, knowing that he came from California. "And how much do you pay for your Opera in California?" he demanded.

"About $15,000 a performance" was the answer.

The minister gasped. "Fifteen thousand dollars," he echoed. "Why, for that sum, in our German cities, we could give opera for ten days at least, a performance every day."

"But then we have the soloists who are on your preferred list, your Giglis and your Muzios. They cost $2,000 or $3,000 a night."

"And the chorus and the orchestra?" There is just the faintest hint of irony in the minister's tone.

"The orchestra is the San Francisco Symphony and I think it will compare not unfavorably with your best German organizations. The chorus consists of local singers, who are trained for months before the performance."

"But the proper training for opera is opera itself. How many rehearsals do you have with the principals?"

The writer winces. "The joint rehearsals rarely are more than two or three."

"Then how can the result deserve the name of opera? We rehearse for weeks, principals and soloists and orchestra together. That is the only way you can produce good opera. Your San Francisco opera somewhat resembles what in Germany we call the society season with this important difference, of course, that we work up our ensemble by months of rehearsing, and your performances are, as it were, improvisational. But you are a young people, you Americans, and so far you have no music which adequately represents the genius of the people. We Germans have, and that is why our people are willing to be taxed for it."

America has serious problems to solve. Her music schools are turning out musicians by the thousand, and, in every part of the land, they are looking, often in vain, for an opportunity to express themselves in their chosen art and, at the same time, make a livelihood by so doing.

The number of artists who can make a living by recital tours is very limited. The spectacular names are about as many as there are fingers on both hands. Others, equally gifted perhaps, but lacking in "the trick of singularity," give lessons orally themselves with conservatories between seasons; they "work the wires," trying to get into the gilded circle. Few succeed.

In Europe the situation is different. In scores of towns of from 50,000 upward there is an opera house, which may also be a symphony hall. In some countries the artists are public servants paid by the state and retired on a pension at the end of a certain number of years of service. The rank of the artists in Germany, France and Austria would hardly dream of leaving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their native land. They take a workman's view of their art. They make music for a livelihood and so long as they can sing or play satisfactorily, the local opera or symphony will be their workshop.

In America the instrumentalists have the advantage over the vocalists; for there are excellent symphony orchestras and the number is steadily increasing. But outside of singing in church and for clubs, what work is there for the singer? If every city of 50,000 had its opera house, where light or grand opera or both were given during the major part of the year, our gifted young people would have their opportunity. This opportunity Europe offers because the people regard music as education and are willing to pay for it out of the public treasury.

But will the American public submit to be taxed in order to provide what they have grown up to regard as a form of amusement? The annual contribution to the support of music made by the city of New York is about $50,000. Compare that with poverty-stricken Vienna's annual subsidy to music and drama of $753,-109. True you can get standing room in the gallery of the Vienna opera for $.19 and hear the world's masterpieces well done. But would that be an inducement to the people of New York to put their hands into their pockets to the tune of $750,000.

Yet there are optimists who believe that eventually we shall be able to bring the businesslike American to recognize that music pays—pays as advertising, pays as education, pays as a deterrent from crime, pays as a character builder and the provider of a creative hobby.

A forward step has been made in some of the cities of California. For example the city fathers of Long Beach spend an annual $120,000 on the upkeep of a first-class band; Santa Monica supports its choral societies and children's concerts. In San Francisco last year the supervisors gave $100,000 for music, of which $30,000 was divided between the summer and winter seasons of the symphony; $25,000 pays for two bands; $4,000 is the salary of the municipal chorus master; symphony "pops" are given to audiences of 9,000. To be sure this money is written down to advertising the city, since the civic charter does not allow money to be given specifically for music.

In some European countries money is raised for music by the taxation of commodities. For example in Riga they tax intoxicants. If only America could tax bootleggers! The people of Gothenberg make visiting artists contribute a portion of the receipts of their recitals to the support of local musical institutions. If the Milanese go to a cinema, or visit a race-track or patronize a ball game, they pay their obolus to the upkeep of La Scala. That ought to appeal to Otto Kahn. Think for a moment what a help it would be to music if every patron of the National League games or football stadia were taxed 5 percent on the price of admission.

Already the idea has taken root in many minds. The California State Federation of Music Clubs at its last annual convention voted in favor of state and civic subsidization of music. This lead was followed by the National Federation in its Boston convention, and further action will be taken at next year's convention in San Francisco. When it is remembered that the Federation has a membership of 500,000 voters, it will be seen that a potential political influence exists and is now being brought into play.

We pay for education in the public schools, and that education includes music. Why not carry the idea to its logical conclusion and pay for the musical education of grown-ups?

In this matter we may well profit by the wisdom which it has taken Europe centuries of experience to acquire. If the city of Dresden can expend $400,000 annually on opera out of the public funds, why should not Chicago do the same? With stock companies the cost of production could be reduced from San Francisco's $15,000 a performance to $5,000. S. Hurck's German opera only costs him $7,000 a night, and that is a traveling company.

America will work out her musical destiny in her own way; but it is not too much to hope that the opera house may in a few years time be as characteristic a feature of the typical American city as the moving picture house is today.

Voyageur

I raised night's proffered cup to parted lips,
It was as though a thousand gallant ships
Sailed down the blood-stream with that starry wine
Into the far land of my heart's confine.

For long ago I sent my heart away
Into a country without night or day—
An island exile on whose lonely shore
Unpeopled oceans broke with muted roar.

I sent my heart away to the world's end.
"You have been false," I said, "a crafty friend:
You offered beauty while you stayed her hand,
Meeting my thirst for water with dry sand."

From out my body then I cast my heart,
Sealing the empty place that had no part
In men's affairs. I said, "I shall have rest,
Now I have torn the heart out of my breast."

But yet I never learned a face so brave
That it could hide the horror of that grave
Of whose dark emptiness I dare not think,
Nor even the dread stupor of its brink.

And so I sank, dull-weighted, down through space
Till night in pity yielded me her grace—
Offered a starry cup to my dead lips
And in my blood-stream launched a thousand ships.

A glittering dolphin, curving at the prow,
Hailed me as I stood, singing, in the bow.
"Where are you going, wanderer?" he said.
"To raise my heart," I answered, "from the dead."

BYRNE MARCONNIER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESPECTABLE SONORA

By GEORGE ANTHONY WELLER

"LISSEN, who are you anyway?"

"An American, from Tucson, Arizona, and Boston, Massachusetts."

"What're you doing in Mexico?"

"Visiting."

"Lemme see your passport. Got any letters to banks? . . . How is it that I never see you in the plaza?"

"It is too hot for me there in the daytime."

"Awright. I guess you're awright."

We stepped momentarily apart to let the little soldier pacing in front of the calabozo pass us, his bayonet angling back in the sunlight. One does not move to the shade of the Chinaman's grocery awning when being barraged with a plain-clothesman's catechism. The soldier turned precisely at the corner. With his black eyes he raked an ancient bus and passed between us again.

"Have I that furtive look?"

"What do you say?"

"Do I look suspicious?"

"Well, we have to be particular who comes into Mexico. Here there ain't a cleaner state than Sonora; in Sonora ain't a cleaner city than this one. I know. I went to school in San Francisco."

"Do you question everyone?"

"No, usually we get all the dope at the border immigration office in Nogales and Naco. But we've had some reports that there was a hold-up man here, and the federal government put me on the case. We don't know who it is, but he's been sticking up sailors mostly. As a result a lot of foreigners have been pretending they've been held up and borrowing money to get home. He's been stopping a lot of drunks, too."

I was measuring the excitement in the mind of an American police sergeant if an oiler from San Pedro reported a theft on the docks, or a New Orleans longshoreman lost a week's wages when he met a stranger out at Pontchartrain, or a Negro watertender rested in the wrong Hoboken doorway. After the sergeant had listened, and committed the event to eternity on the blotter, would the word ever cause a flutter in the camp of the federal myrmidons? Probably not.

In happier days, before the airplane adulterated the western yarn, when William S. Hart still crinkled up his eyes in the first-run houses, the story-book Sonora was filled with Riding Kids from Powder River, refugees from justice or outraged virtue. No jolly bohemian band of the forcibly expatriated awaits new members on the other side of the line. Sonora, too far from Mexico City to be broken to the federal bit; Sonora, which used to boast freedoms that no parrakeeted Yucatan nor red-hilled Chihuahua dared assume; Sonora, the mustang, has gone respectable.

Perhaps it is the railroad. Every other day, up to December, a pullman used to leave Los Angeles and cut the barbed wire of the border at Nogales, Arizona. Thence it chuffed southward through Magdalena, at whose shrine 10,000 Indians kneel in Easter week, Hermosillo, the capital, and Empalme of the great railroad shops, where with flame and steam in the night it greeted the train from the jungles of the south. Now the train leaves every day except Sunday, and the little boxes of cotton waste that ride underneath are first filled at San Francisco. From Los Angeles leaves also the Mexican air liner. Over Agua Caliente's new race-track and golf course it whines, discovers the railroad in southern Arizona, and follows southward till a continent has been pinched into an isthmus at Guatamela City.

Central-mindedness is venom to insurrection. And central-mindedness cannot fail to grow where the current is constant between Mexico City and its states. Every peon whose life impinges, however indirectly, on the artery of the railroad, is touched. A letter from Navahoa, whose isolation may be judged by the fact that the last Navaho rugs are now made there, can be opened within sight of Popocatapetl's snows the next day.

In early February Ortiz Rubio, president-elect, left Los Angeles and went down through Sonora with a troop train preceding him and his own private car guarded by ready rifles. One must be polite over these things, thought Sonora, but the new president has not been told what Sonora now thinks of revolutionistas. A revolutionista is an unwise, probably young man, whose parents have not money enough to send him either to cousins who live near the high school in Phoenix, Arizona, or to the University of Mexico. Or he is the same man grown a little older and little looser, with the same defects of preparation, with no land and a restless weathercock in his brainpan.

Yet in middle February Ortiz Rubio, president-elected, was shot. This, says Sonora proudly, happened not here, but in the City itself, full as it is of Communists and other irregulars. It does not prove that Mexico is lawless, but that her president cannot be protected from a man with a sleeve holster any better than Mussolini. In reminiscence, the attitude toward a Huerta is that he was a catharsis, toward Villa that he was a dull farmer whose sublimation was delayed until his few wild oats had been sown, toward the indicted group of the 1929 revolution that they knew what they wanted, but that it is no longer what any number of Sonorans want.

There are still a few of what medical symptomists call "hot red points," but they are in the cheeks. In December American newspapers flaunted joyfully a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"revolution eighty miles west of Hermosillo." A sober, grizzled old hotel keeper, eager for more American custom, told me that his was the only antiseptic inn with running water and view of the revolution's stamping ground. When the proprietor left the room to buy himself a tortilla and a glass of warm goat's milk his lumberman friend, who apparently had heard of the antitestimonial drive in American advertising, whispered to me that the revolution was nothing more than a street riot.

Revolution in Mexico is prohibition in America: a hub of opinion around which only bores revolve. Speak of it in Sonora and weariness gathers in your hearer's face. All that is over for good. American interest in it is excusable, for the American mind has been fertilized by linotype droppings of large capitals.

One potential danger remains in the underpaid army. The men are small, dark and all of a size. They come mostly from interior states like Chihuahua and Zacatecas. They live and lounge in front of barracks, but they eat their meals where they can get them, from an all-sufficing salary of about $.77 a day. Every aged señora is a restauranteure at heart. Over her field kitchen, a brazier of live coals that glows softly red in the shadows at dusk, she makes many a tamale of chopped meat, mixed jelly-roll fashion with Indian meal and jacketed with a thick corn cob's overcoat. Napoleon would shudder to see the dark little infantrymen, some of them apparently not over sixteen years old, sitting under an old railway car with their rifles on the ground beside them, rolling tiny brown cigarettes to top a doubtful dietetical structure. They are underfed because they are underpaid.

Mexican officers are taller and cleaner. They travel in pullman aloofness, while the cloaked soldiers lean silently on their guns at the platform's end, waiting for the lower-class coaches to be backed onto the train. The officers wear beautiful, ironed-looking uniforms, with the gold emblem of line of duty like a split ram's horn hanging around their necks.

The army may become an anachronism. From the angle of wasted pesos alone, it would be well if Mexico could have, as Emerson did in 1841, "a slight feeling —the slightest possible—of the ridiculous" at the sight of a soldier in peace time. But the army cannot be demobilized until civil peace is intuitively a reality, and civil peace cannot be intuitively a reality until the army is demobilized. The situation is a model, complete to scale, of the bootstrap-pulling impasse that hangs up international disarmament conferences, and inflates national debts.

Last fall the University of Mexico burst into print in the United States when its coach, a Yale man, called out the first college football squad south of the Rio Grande. Yet in the same September something far more significant happened in Sonora. Six tall, young Yaquis, of the fierce tribe that flustered Mexican generals as late as Carranza, took the southbound for the capital, where they were to be students in the university. They had won the scholarships that are assigned to Sonora. In the summer they will teach their people, and four years hence they will come home to stay. Although the contrast may or may not be a valid one, southwestern newspapers recorded early last month that five Indians who were rustling cattle near Douglas, Arizona, were pursued by cowboys and shot to death.

The great ranges of Sonora, where calves never see barbed wire till they are rounded up, where a ranchero is the focal point of trails, not of fences, have been discovered by the amalgamationists of business. Ranches that rule mesas, mountains, canyons and valleys wide as Rhode Island are being combined in giant yoke. The reins of their control return like sunbeams to where the golden dollar rolls through the sky. And monopolies augur the herding of the minds under their control.

The entire change in Sonora, and it may be fairly expected throughout Mexico, is perhaps best totaled as a change from a defensive, punitive attitude to an assertive, protective one. In the public school this takes the form of poster barbs flung at alcoholism. Barkeeps wiping glasses in the cantinas are not worried yet, but the young people are not doing the brass-rail drinking. They speak high-school French when they do not want the madre to understand, and they have a calculating eye. On Saturday night the black mantillaed girls amble around the plaza in front of the cathedral. But the young men who follow the giggling perfume wear pearl grey felts and blue serge and in the afternoons measure out heavy, soft, silver dollars in the Banco de Sonora. Such burning of their pay as there is takes place in the cylinders of a four-wheeled combustion engine from Detroit, not in their own alimentary canals.

The dullest people in the world, next to those in the now moribund night-club of New York, were formely to be found among the American thrill chasseurs who crossed the border at Laredo, Juarez (El Paso) Naco, Nogales and Tia Juana. The government has certainly taken a bond, however, that they will no longer gamble in Mexico. Keno, roulette, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts have been proscribed by the government. If one wishes to gamble he must turn to the private chance palaces of the southwestern tuberculosis belt. When rodeos are on like that which flourished recently in Tucson, or Old Home and Revival weeks, like that held in Tombstone, there is open gambling under the nose of the police. Mexico sours in the mouth as a vantage point for vice, after a quiet discussion of two stud poker hands with a uniformed patrolman in a Tucson carnival.

Unemployment in Mexico can hardly approach for many years the crisis of tension that exists in the United States. Communists and anti-Filipinists flourish less readily where law commands that four out of five employees in every enterprise be Mexican. Child-welfare laws that were already more humane than those of the southern states have been further tightened by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Sonora legislature at the meeting now in session, according to a ranchman senator.

Aside from the American ownership in cattle control already mentioned, there is a new-found bonanza in fish. The Gulf of Lower California has long been known to sportsmen as one of the few accessible sea pools teeming with gamey fish. Now Guaymas, halfway down the Gulf and the midmost port of Sonora, is building the first big icing plant in Mexico. Every day twenty-four tons of dressed fish, strange and delicious, can be sent north in as many hours to Los Angeles (which, it will be admitted is the safest American city for the introduction of the exotic in anything, from deism to sea food). Later Sonoran fish will be eaten in Chicago. American funds support this factory, but it has also the very particular solicitude of high federal officials in a coöperation whose benefits are distributed to Sonora in terms of steady employment. And already, though the plant is unfinished, more dugout canoes are paddling along outside the surf line of Sonora's beaches and there are more spearmen every day to plunge the harpoon through silvery five-footers.

A Guaymas man still says that the rival port of Mazatlan, to the south, has the world's champion footpads. Another knows that Vasconcelos, Rubio's rival for the presidential palace on Chapultepec Hill, who now gives music lessons in Los Angeles to keep his son and daughter in a California college, planned while he was minister of education to sell Chihuahua, Lower California and Sonora to the United States. These sincere avowals show how stiff is the job waiting for the Mexican progressive. The attitude of another shows in what quarter the confident new wind lies: he asserts that within a generation Mexico will buy Texas back from the United States. In that event Mexico will have to make an Andorra or Monte Carlo out of Laredo.

"Did you get the hold-up man?" I asked the federal agent a week later, when I met him near the sugar-cane corner of the public market.

"Get him? Sure. Whujja suppose?"

"How?"

"Oh, they sent a lieutenant-colonel down on the job to help me. We got him. We're leaving him in the calabozo for three months. It gets pretty hot here then. Just let him think it over awhile. Then we'll sentence him."

"Where was he from, Mexico City? Mazatlan?"

"Nope, he come from Texas."

There are no wars in Sonora, and rumors of wars are facing the firing squad of disparagement daily. Whatever is the catalyst that precipitates stability in government, Mexico is fumbling for it.

Will this be the decade when Mexico finds herself? We cannot tell. If this be sunset, not all our measuring the sky will tell us under what point in the arch we stand. But it seems now as though the flame that scorched is out, and the cool night, when in Mexico life breathes deepest, is at hand.

A MASTERFUL MONK

By ERNEST DIMNET

THE monk I mean was the French Dominican, Henri Didon, the famous prior of Arcueil, who died in 1900 at sixty. No friar-preacher between the days of Lacordaire and those of the prior of Jerusalem, Père Lagrange, forced himself so irresistibly on public attention as did Henri Didon. He was a great orator, a commanding and magnetic personality. At twenty-seven he was pointed out by the Figaro as a modern Lacordaire, as eloquent and more modern than his predecessor. He was a powerful-looking monk, with magnificent eyes. He was modern as Lacordaire had been, by a passionate longing to show the world that even the members of a mediaeval order could believe in the right of civil society, defend democracy and liberty, and side with Leo XIII with a violence implying that under the previous Pope, they would have minimized the syllabus and tried to represent the French Revolution as a Christian movement. The following of Père Didon consisted of the many people of all classes and ages who believed in the reconciliation of the Church and the Zeitgeist, but the students in the Latin quarter were most enthusiastic about him.

The superiors of such a promising young preacher are inevitably tempted to give him all possible chances. Young Didon was pampered, as indeed he was to be all his life, and his rather overwhelming personality was allowed full play. The Dominicans had not created as yet those famous theological schools at Fribourg and Le Saulchoir where solidity comes before brilliance; many of them still believed that success in the pulpit was what mattered above all things, and Didon being their greatest possibility, they did not rein him in as they would have twenty years later. The young orator, feeling that his success came chiefly from his liberalism, overemphasized this liberal side till he gradually gave alarm. In 1880, preaching at Saint-Philippe-du-Roule, Paris, on divorce, while the French Chambers were discussing that question, he startled Catholic opinion by suggesting a way out of the difficulty which was for the legislative body not to allow divorce to those French citizens whose religion forbade it. The converse of this proposition was too obvious. The press gave it publicity and the excitement became such that the then archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Guibert, thought it best to ask Didon not to go on with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his lenten course. A few months later the superiors of Père Didon sent him to a small convent of the order at Corbara in Corsica where he was to be given time to study and meditate. Many writers would welcome such a retreat, which the Dominican authorities were at great pains to make as pleasant as possible. In fact Didon, though bewailing his so-called exile with the vehemence of a pasionate disposition, started immediately on a course of reading preparatory to writing a two-volume Life of Christ. No duties were forced upon him, his correspondence was unwatched, and his friends visited him freely. (One of them was Maupassant whose superiority he failed entirely to recognize. In less than eighteen months he was allowed to leave his "desert"—which most visitors describe as an Eden—and given full liberty to undertake long and expensive travels in Germany, Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land destined to complete his preparation for his book. The book appeared in 1886 and was an extraordinary success. Finally, during the last ten years of his life, Père Didon was prevailed upon to conduct the educational establishments of his order, especially the celebrated Arcueil School, and acquitted himself of these duties, which he took up without much enthusiasm, with unsurpassed éclat. He was more famous than ever when he died. Had I had to write about Père Didon at any time between his death and the very recent publication in the Revue des Deux Mondes of a long correspondence with a talented niece of Flaubert's, Madame Commanville, I might have spoken of him as a brilliant, a rarely influential monk, but I should certainly not have spoken of him as a great monk. There was too much discrepancy, an almost ridiculous contrast, between what he thought of himself and the judgment which, after a few years, literary history bore on him, viz., an orator, as ephemeral as most orators have been.

But those letters, just republished in two volumes by Plon-Nourrit, compel us to revise our appreciation of the man who wrote them. Didon had in him the elements of greatness.

What strikes us at first sight is his remarkable absence of complication: letter after letter shows him in the same light, no puzzling subtleties ever appear in his consciousness, none of those nuances which, when we read Lacordaire, make us wonder whether he was, in his own words, hard as a diamond or tender as a mother. Physically he was a powerful man who could read out loud six hours at a stretch, climb Corsican mountains, bathe in midsummer in icy cold Corsican torrents, ride horseback under the sun of Egypt and smoke incessantly. He loved nature and solitude and speaks of them with what tenderness is at his command, that is to say not much, for without being hard he was rough: he seldom speaks of people in trouble and never of anybody struggling with poverty, never of an animal. He had only one passionate attachment: his mother. He was in Corsica when she died and arrived too late. But four days after the funeral he had the grave and the coffin reopened and covered the dead face with kisses. His two correspondences with women (the one just out and another with a Mademoiselle Vianzon which I read without much interest in 1903) are affectionate in a way and might sometimes be misinterpreted by a person who read them unsympathetically. As a matter of fact they are not only unimpeachable but cold. One letter is signed "Yours, yours, yours," which, from another man, would be fraught with significance. Père Didon visibly uses these three monosyllables because he is in a hurry and tries to produce an affectionate effect quickly. To tell the truth, he must have been a great egotist who, apart from his unquestionable apostolic zeal, loved people for what he got out of them. His physical superabundance, his success, his being spoiled by his superiors, the exaggeration with which he speaks of his not very formidable trial, the recurrence of a comparison between himself and Savonarola, even occasionally Saint Paul, a slightly patronizing tone in speaking of Lacordaire, all tend to show us in him the magnetic and beloved egotist who feels the excess of his personality and knows it is an element of greatness, but does not care to submit it to rules.

What is really great in Didon and will inevitably make his letters precious to many Christians—they appeal quite as much to non-Catholics as to Catholics—is his religious attitude. Here again he is simplicity itself. Christ fills this correspondence as He filled the soul of Henri Didon at every hour. His name recurs incessantly between jeremiads about Corbara and naive boasting. Didon has no other devotion: the Blessed Virgin is never mentioned, the Blessed Sacrament exactly in the style of Corinthians. But after nineteen centuries this Parisian monk so unlike Saint Paul in his surroundings is strikingly like him in his spiritual life: the same tenseness, the same personality, the same simplicity, and above all, the same capacity for living every minute of night or day in union with Christ, not because it is a duty but because it is an irresistible want. Whatever separates him from Christ, even if it be of good repute and might fill another person's soul, he discards. There is something symbolic in what he says about the Holy Sepulchre: the saintly mother of Constantine was a woman who hid the holy place under churches and compels us to peep at the very rock of Calvary through a window in an altar. Christ's life should be our life and its every detail is all important to us. It is by this conviction, carried into every item of his existence, that Père Didon is a great monk. There is one passage of a letter in which he describes himself writing his Life of Christ in the attitude of prayer: for one moment we are surprised, then we see the rare beauty of this all-pervading love.

With this supreme passion burning in his soul, Henri Didon can do anything and say anything about himself in childlike vaunting, in high reviling about his enemies: the political Catholics, the reactionaries in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Church, the careful old "Senators" in Rome or in the Dominican order, or Renan and the rationalists who dream of weakening his Christian certitudes. A Catholic Flaubert in whom devotion to Christ would replace devotion to art is Père Didon. A simple and perhaps easy attitude? Let anybody try! It takes a man with the strength of ten men, and that is why Didon in spite of his littlenesses is great.

Père Didon, during the past two decades has become rather nebulous. His Life of Christ is in the sixty-eighth edition and still sells, but the man himself has decidedly lost. The reason is that as a writer he was an insufficient artist and literature has taken its revenge of his groundless disdains for literary men. But people generally have not realized that, and being conscious of an eclipse in the orator's reputation which showed no sign of coming to an end, they have wondered about his real significance. The letters to Madame Commanville will help to form a correct judgment of a religious who after being unduly exalted is now unjustly diminished. Didon, superbly equipped as a man, was a Christian in the full force of the term, that is to say, one haunted by Christ as a primitive might be. This being realized, his many shortcomings hardly matter and the man appears as the brother of the great monks of past ages.

MYOPIA IN ROSE AND BLUE

By LOUISE OWEN

MAN loves to liken one thing to another. Thence come sublimity, irony and absurdity; for everything in the world can be compared to anything else, and the result, in simile or metaphor or merely in phrase, depends on the personality of the man or woman who makes the comparison. One man's meat may be another man's poison; one man's eye sees beauty where another's can detect only desolation; one creator's literature is another creator's music. To the lay mind, the microbe is a menace; to Paul de Kruif the same creature is an adventure. Beethoven found a sonata in the light of the moon, where so many poets have found so many verses. Edna St. Vincent Millay says:

> "Still will I harvest beauty where it grows;
> In colored fungus orb the spotted fog
> Surprised on foods forgotten; in ditch or bog
> Filmed brilliant with irregular rainbows
> Of rust and oil. . . ."

Comparison depends on personality. But even more does it reveal the ulterior point of view of the person who makes the comparison, and it puts its revelations in terms of blue- or rose-colored glasses. One man may walk by the sea and remark: "It sounds like eternity." A second man says: "It sounds like coal going down a chute." One poet will address the moon as a goddess; another, as a huntress, chaste and fair; another, as the mother of light or the queen of the sky.

It is not that art will ever lose its ancient inevitability. It is rather that there are rebels, deviants from the Euclidian formula who discard the old-time "two plus two equals four," and replace it with "five less four plus three equals four." They are persons whose minds are arranged, not in the parallel layers and horizontal planes that characterize the minds of most of the world, but in layers that are not quite parallel, along planes that tip a little, that form any angle but a right angle. For such minds, comparison is not so much description as it is explanation: explaining the known in terms of the unknown, or the unknown in terms of the known. What an angular entanglement there must be in the mind that says:

> "My soul is like a wilderness,
> Where beasts of midnight prowl."

A kaleidoscopic shift of angles gives us the mind that says: "The mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like young sheep." Here are divergent escapes from the rectangular point of view, offered by an identical and dubitable inspiration: religion. But religion in any of its multiple forms tends to make perverts of its followers—whether it be faith in a god, a muse or a natural phenomenon. Priests and Druids, poets and lovers; all look at life a little aslant, or at any rate step on an inclined plane while they regard their particular bit of it.

So does the curious religion called love tip the ground beneath the feet of its converts. No normal state of mind would allow a youth to see spun gold in his lady's hair, rose petals in her cheeks, alabaster in her throat. Not ordinarily would he consider it complimentary to say that her neck was like a swan's. But the tenets of this faith are briefer and more tenebrous than other tenets; the ground recovers from its superficial earthquake; the lover forgets rose-petals and alabaster, and remembers no more than flesh, bone and epidermis. The lady is no less charming, but her charms are viewed through a crystal lens, not through pink spectacles.

On the other hand, there are ultimate depths of the imagination that will tint the lens differently. Oscar Wilde packs a whole characterization into a phrase: "She was so dreadfully dowdy that she reminded one of a badly bound hymn-book." Alfred Noyes, accurate if a trifle grewsome, speaks of "hair like moldy hay." And a certain minor poet, whose obscurity is not incomprehensible, says: "Her eyes were like the underside of a cake of soap in a soap-dish."

All these various-colored phrases give rise to a question—not a question as to the complexion or eyes or conversation one would desire in one's friends, but whether one prefers myopia in rose or blue. If one looks at life through the medium of literature—that is, through the eyes of Edna Millay or of Shelley, of Oscar Wilde or Alfred Noyes, of the Bible or of that erstwhile artist, the lover—then one discards the clear lens that is reality, and sees through a glass darkly or brightly. The pinkish or azurine landscapes thus displayed may be a relief to the eye jaded with umber, yellow and leaf-green. The more strangely hued the vista, the more tempting it is to the visual appetite. So we have heard a million times of lips as red as cherries or pomegranates; of a conscience, or a bosom, or a fleece, as white as snow; of a fog thick enough to cut with a knife. But when someone comes along and says: "The silence was as thick as old-fashioned split-pea soup," then we jump, we ponder, we see a light glimmering over the landscape that never glimmered before. The more extraordinary the simile, the more illuminating the light is likely to be.

Still fair in color, but shading away from pink, is Hardy's simile in The Return of the Native, in which he speaks of a road that goes through a wood, over a low hilltop, like a parting in a head of hair. Huneker gives us a metaphor faintly azure when he says, "How many flies are embedded in the amber of Sainte-Beuve's style." And definitely sapphirine is Edith Wharton in Ethan Frome, with "an orchard of starved

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apple trees writhing over a hillside among outcroppings of slate that nuzzled up through the snow like animals pushing out their noses to breathe."

Like the color of dawn on snow is the flashing of light that Edna St. Vincent Millay gives us in Witch-Wife.

"She is neither pink nor pale,
And she never will be all mine;
She learned her hands in a fairy-tale,
And her mouth on a valentine.

She has more hair than she needs;
In the sun 'tis a woe to me!
And her voice is a string of colored beads,
Or steps leading into the sea."

Almost as roseate is Swinburne, who speaks of

"Luminous lashes thick as dreams in sleep."

The mauve of Housman provides a change of color, perhaps a little eery, transforming as the light of a partially eclipsed moon.

"When shall this slough of sense be cast,
This dust of thought be laid at last,
The man of flesh and soul be slain,
And the man of bone remain?

These today are proud in power,
And lord it in their little hour:
The immortal bones obey control
Of dying flesh and dying soul.

Wanderers eastward, wanderers west,
Know you why you cannot rest?
'Tis that every mother's son
Travails with a skeleton."

This is curiously paralleled by Elinor Wylie, she who dwells in the bluest depths, at the very nadir of blue.

"Shouldering the thoughts I loathed,
In their corrupt disguises clothed,
Mortality I could not tear
From my ribs, to leave them bare
Ivory in the silver air.

There I walked, and there I raged;
The spiritual savage caged
Within my skeleton, raged afresh
To feel, behind a carnal mesh,
The clean bones crying in the flesh."

Her own Self-Portrait is mathematically metaphorical.

"Blue-veined and yellowish,
Ambiguous to clasp,
And secret as a fish,
And sudden as an asp."

It seems curious that this cool creature, the fish, has not appeared oftener in metaphor and simile. He so sets the pace of a poem wherein he is found; he is so coolly colored, so elusive and so mystical, that he offers an irreproachable example of atmosphere and suggestion. Rupert Brooke has used him to advantage:

"In a cool curving world he lies,
And ripples with dark ecstasies."

Where he has once appeared in a volume, he is likely to recur in others of the same author. Miss Millay has found him:

"Gone, gone again is summer the lovely;
She that knew not where to hide,
Is gone again like a jeweled fish from the hand,
Is lost on every side."

It seems that comparison is inevitably myopic. Even the most crystalline realism is faintly permeated with azure or rose-pink. For no eye can see a thing as it actually and absolutely is; the circle must forever appear slightly elliptical, the right angle must seem a little acute or obtuse; and these ellipses, these angles, become constantly less round, less right, as they are incarnated in the artist's concept. And the artist is a dweller on an inclined plane, betrayed by the curve or the angle of his companion, the colors of his landscapes.

Certainly this world that is not flat and green is interesting. It is amusing to look at life, now pinkly, now bluely; now rhomboidically, now askance. But there is still the parabolical point of view to consider, space beyond space, curve beyond curve. The long sweep through distance wherein the eye is trapped by no angles, the mingled and indefinable colors of the sky at midnight and before dawn: here are colors beyond the prism—phrases of ultraviolet and infra-red, sombrely akin to the dull brown taste. From such regions come similes of dubitable and other-worldly inspiration; "a mind like a painting by Mattisse"; "eyes like poached eggs"; Stoddard King's Sonnet of Strange Similes—

"My love is like a stick of spearmint gum—
The flavor lasts—my love is like the tune
My neighbor plays each morning until noon
(That is, it haunts me always); mute and dumb
My love is, like a punctured kettle-drum.
'Tis brightest after sunset, like the moon,
And, like the onion, strongest during June;
My love is ardent as forbidden rum.

Sometimes my love is diffident and shy,
Like a Ford car seeking a place to park,
Or like a husband in a corset shop;
Sometimes it struts and holds its head up high,
Like a knight templar or a meadow-lark,
Or a dress-suited freshman at a hop."

Yankee Doodle gives us:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding."

Oliver Herford, in A Child's Primer of Natural History, says:

"My child, observe the useful ant,
How hard she works each day.
She works as hard as adamant
(That's very hard, they say)."

Comparisons may or may not be odious, but undeniably they are indicative; they reveal the wanderer from the parallelogram, the soul that plays see-saw among the planes. They are like the splintered bits of a mirror, in each of which is reflected a tiny and perhaps distorted bit of the author's personality. No single splinter may betray much, but from an assembled half-dozen one may learn that he likes striped neckties, waxed moustaches—or rose-colored glasses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAINT AUGUSTINE

By SAMUEL PUTNAM

AT THE moment this essay is written, I have not yet seen Giovanni Papini's Saint Augustine, but it seems safe to predict that the Augustine we shall find there will be very much the one that Pascal saw: the warm, vital, pulsating, human individual, sinning and repenting and hewing a path to sainthood with something of Dionysiac fury. This, despite Papini's native taste for philosophy and his quite extraordinary philosophic background, despite the fact that his own conversion has been, in a manner, a flight from a disparate universe, from a world of conflicting "minds" and objective particulars; for there are in Pauini, we are to remember, at once an untamed poet and a philosopher—but that is another story. The point is, for the many thousands who will read Papini's work, where they are sure to encounter the poet rather than the philosopher, a good complement would be, if they are at all interested in philosophy, Etienne Gilson's newly published Introduction à l'Etude de Sainte Augustin, an octavo volume in the Etudes de Philosophie Mediévale Series (J. Vrin, Paris).

M. Gilson's name is far from being new to anyone whose interests take him into the field of mediaeval philosophy or the mediaeval sciences. Indeed, M. Gilson is quite possibly the greatest in his field. His Archives d'Histoire Doctrinale et Littéraire du Moyen Age are an indispensable classic of scholarship, and his work on Saint Augustine has been preceded by an Introduction au Système de Saint Thomas d'Aquin and by a Philosophie de Saint Bonaventure. Besides teaching the history of mediaeval philosophy at the Faculté de Paris and L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes, for the past three years he has lectured, during the last trimester of each year, at Harvard. Further, in coöperation with the faculty of the Collège Saint-Michel, M. Gilson has founded an Institute of Mediaeval Studies at Toronto University.

In this treatise, which well might serve as a preface to the works of Saint Augustine, the author, hopefully, begins by appreciating the difficulty of his task. Simple good-will, as he tells us, is not enough. No body of philosophy in the world, it may be, is harder to come to grips with; none presents a more slippery set of surfaces and facets. The difficulty is not one of style alone, nor due solely to topicality, historic circumstance. It is a difficulty that is inherent in the body and heart of the Augustinian doctrine. There is here no finished and rounded structure as with Saint Thomas Aquinas, within whose system, it will be recalled, both Pascal and Malebranche declined to permit themselves to be immured. Saint Augustine himself, it is apparent, sensed the difficulty of organizing his thought and suffered from it, and the difficulty becomes almost anguish with the faithful and devoted Augustinian:

"The difficulty against which every follower of Augustine desperately struggles is the fact that, in order to explain his author, he must begin with what might as well be the end, and to define a single point of his author's doctrine, he must, absolutely, give an exposition of the doctrine as a whole. That is why it is, one never knows whether Saint Augustine is speaking as a theologian or as a philosopher, whether he is proving the existence of God or developing a theory of knowledge, whether the eternal verities of which he speaks are those of science or of morality, whether it is a doctrine of sensation that he is engaged in expounding or the consequences of original sin; all this is so interwoven and so holds together that Augustine is unable to pick up a single link of the chain without drawing to him the chain as a whole; and the historian, in his turn, who undertakes to examine his philosophy link by link suffers constantly from the knowledge that he is doing it violence, and that, at any point where he attempts to assign a provisional limit, he runs the risk of breaking the chain."

In other words, it is comparatively easy to impose an order; it is a good deal more difficult to discover the order that is inherent in the body of doctrine under examination.

"The absence of order from which Augustinianism suffers," says M. Gilson, "is but the presence of an order different from the one that we expect."

He then proceeds to apply his method, a method which one of his countrymen, M. Henri Gouhier, has excellently defined:

"For M. Etienne Gilson, synthesis in the history of philosophy is neither a résumé nor a foreshortening, nor an elementary exposition; it is an effort and a sustained effort, to express, in accordance with a unified order, everything to be found in the vital body of thought that is being chronicled."

M. Gilson's aim, then, is to give us not alone the authentic, but the integral doctrine with which he is dealing. In this process, the seeming obscurities are shown to be a part of the original edifice, and are built up into an integral part of that recreative edifice which is being erected under our eyes.

The structural metaphor is not without point in M. Gilson's case. The Augustinian theory which the latter proceeds to give us is one which has been built up over a period of years, and on which the author, who works with the patience of a mediaeval craftsman, probably will continue to labor for some years to come. It was first sketched in at the Sorbonne six or seven years ago, and in the interim, its expounder has been chiseling away at it in his lectures at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes; the next edition of the present work will show, no doubt, the results of further masonry.

In a paper of this scope, it is, unfortunately, impossible to go into details, and it is the details which illumine M. Gilson's method. In bringing order out of the Saint's apparent philosophic disorder, the historian shows us how Augustine brings all questions, no matter what, back to that Godhead which is in the Christ. This, and not any moral, political or psychological system, provides a centre for his chaotic-seeming cosmos. Augustine is in quest of a good which will overcome all desire, and wisdom is inseparable always from the possession of this sovereign good. His philosophy has, therefore, a practical, a pragmatic end, with the quest of truth and the quest of happiness springing from the same felt need. The means are those which the philosopher, the author of the Confessions, personally has tested. For the Confessions are not an introduction to the philosophy, but the philosophy is, rather, a commentary on the Confessions. Such are the essential themes of Augustinianism, a translation of personal experience, as outlined by M. Gilson.

In the course of this exegesis, the problem of the will is taken up in connection with the problems of grace, of morality and of knowledge. The first effect, as it were, of beatitude being wisdom, the third portion of the work deals with the state of the Christian soul in the enjoyment of that wisdom and that beatitude. A distinction is drawn between the Augustinian and Thomistic theories of knowledge; for there is a theory of knowledge in Augustine, though it may suprise some to hear it.

What the expositor is giving us, in his own words, is a "guide-book" (itinéraire) of the soul to God; and what have the Confessions always been, if not just such an itinerary? This guide happens to be especially well compiled, since the author is a writer as well as a historian and never forgets the fact. May English readers soon be given the benefit of his labors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

NEO-PAGANISM

ROME, ITALY.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Donald Powell, of Norwalk, Connecticut, seems to have discovered a friendly flowing savage, and to have dubbed him "neo-pagan"—or "paganus," as he usually prefers to call him. I have, he declares, in merely describing these neos, attempted "to indict two-thirds of the human race," notwithstanding the fact that "Burke suggested the impossibility of indicting" even "a whole nation."

I never could see the difficulty in indicting a nation, or even humanity in toto. The trouble begins only when you seek to secure a conviction, or to execute the verdict. And yet what seems to me to be a court of competent jurisdiction has already ventured not only to indict but to render judgment against natural man, the neo-pagan par excellence. It was said, if my memory serves me, that the human heart is desperately wicked and in need of repentance—certainly not a neo-pagan virtue. And once upon a time there was a whole generation authoritatively described as a generation of vipers.

True, none of them viped in Norwalk, Connecticut, where Mr. Powell suggests I should live if I wish to overcome my "fear" of the paganus coccus. "I am not afraid of them," he boasts, referring to the cocci in question. Think of not being afraid of "two-thirds of the human race!" And think of all Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Shintoists, etc., amounting to only one-third!

In the "Connecticut community," he tells me in your issue of March 5, I "would meet continually all sorts of neo-pagans. Some deny God, some Christ, some the necessity of divine grace as an instrument of salvation; but, regardless, whether from affection for God [while denying Him?] or respect for the rights of their fellow-citizens, they manage to maintain moral standards at least the equal of those of their Christian associates." And I would, he continues, "also meet members of the more emotional of the non-Catholic churches," who would, he suggests, be less congenial to my "type of mind" than the aforesaid God-denying, graceless, moral, and presumably unemotional, Norwalk pagans of the all-sorts variety.

God forbid! Even though I must admit that Mr. Powell makes a shrewd guess when he fancies that "even in Rome" I do not "seek companionship among the Methodists." You see, "even in Rome" one's choice is not limited to moralists without need of grace on the one hand, and emotional Methodists on the other. Is it really so in Norwalk?

But it happens that, though residence in Norwalk has thus far been denied me, my own American home (when it is not in San Francisco) is in Connecticut—not in Norwalk, but at least in Greenwich. So I must have seen the neo-pagan if not quite yet almost in his prime. We have even tippled and chopined together most theologically, as Epistemon would say. I therefore think I know just why Mr. Powell admires the creature. Like Mr. Powell himself (at all times) he is amiable—outside of business hours. For the so-called neo-pagan, for all his supposed conformity to moral standards (oddly enough taken from Christian sources) is simply the non-religious person—or one religious only in a feeling that all's right in the world since the paganus flourishes so obviously therein and nobody's throat is cut except somebody else's. He is all smiles, like the Cheshire cat—and the Cheshire canary simply is not there. Clearly Mr. Powell plays golf, and it is on the links that paganus is at his amiable best—if you don't put him too many holes down. But Mr. Powell ought to take one of their tips on the stock market!

The religious person seldom has such amiability to show—especially in the presence of those who do not regard divine grace as an instrument necessary to salvation, or at all. For one thing, from the moment he becomes convinced that he is a sinner until the time, if it ever comes, when God knows him as a saint, he is apt to be worried about something. This ought not to interfere with his amiability, but it frequently does.

"The neo-pagan is more of a potential Catholic than the Protestant," says Mr. Powell. "He is a Catholic, without faith, while the Protestant is a faithless Catholic." To this I have nothing to say, my "type of mind" being incapable of seeing the fine distinction between Catholics (or Turks, for that matter) who are without faith and those who are merely faithless—for surely Mr. Powell does not mean that these faithless Catholic-Protestants are faithless in the sense of being unreliable. Why, I have met even Methodists (though not in Rome) without bloodshed. They were at least trustworthy to that extent.

But the cream of the jest is when the amiable Mr. Powell (and I bow to the almost incredible good nature which he displays even in the midst of an "articulate" controversy) grants "Sir Bertrand [Russell] to be the nearest approach to the ideal neo-pagan" and quotes one of Russell's sunshine-shedding paragraphs to prove it. Let me quote another Russell paragraph—this one from Marriage and Morals:

"There is no country in the world and there has been no age in the world's history where sexual ethics and sexual institutions have been determined by rational considerations, *with the exception of Soviet Russia.*" (The italics are mine.)

I fear Mr. Powell's ideas were formed in part by Rousseau, who also took an amiable view of things—especially of savages. Then there was Michael Bakunin, logical outcome of Rousseau, Bakunin the famous "Russian giant" of the Paris cafés, high priest of anarchy during the early part of the nineteenth century. Nobody could have been more ideally neo-pagan than he, or more amiably have put the theory of believing in nothing-in-particular-save-one's-self into practice. True, he cut a great many throats, but what of it? They were other people's throats, and he worked by proxy—and he helped to make possible the "rational" institutions of Soviet Russia. Quite jolly, was it not?

Which reminds me. Mr. Powell says that "jolly," when used in such expressions as "a jolly indecent fellow," is "synonymous with thoroughly," and has no connection with mirth. This is something I jolly well ought to have known.

HARVEY WICKHAM.

THE W. C. T. U. THREATENS

Superior, Wis.

TO the Editor:—At the request of my fellow-priests of Superior, I send you the enclosed clipping from the Superior Evening Telegram of January 30, 1930.

"As one of 'the Catholic clergy of the City' I was invited by a lady writing for the president of the W. C. T. U. of Superior 'to unite in a movement to further the observance of the Eighteenth Amendment.' I was very, very kindly warned 'that neglect to participate in this national movement may give the impression of lack of patriotism.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It is almost next to impossible for a gentleman to remind a lady that 'patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' Too bad the president of the 'We C to U' is not a man. I would have the satisfaction to throw that above quotation in his extra-dry throat.

"By early education confirmed by older-age convictions, I never did like liquor. I do not smoke. As a common-sense man, I am against prohibition.

"To me, prohibition is not even a law. It lacks the very first element of a true law: a rule of reason.

"Right reason does not, cannot prohibit the moderate use of something good or, at its worst, indifferent, in itself.

"It happened that on Sunday, January 19, when—to be patriotic—I had to burn incense and genuflect before the sacrosanct Eighteenth Amendment, the excerpt from the Bible I read each Sunday to my people, dealt with Jesus changing water into wine at the wedding of Cana (John II, 1-11)."

BERNARD LEFEBVRE.

THE AMBIGUOUS "ROMAN"

Ottawa, Can.

TO the Editor:—I was surprised to see the term "Roman Catholic" used by an editorial writer in The Commonweal of March 19. The obvious objection to it is, of course, that it implies that there may be Catholics who are not Roman. As is well known, this matter was fully discussed at the Vatican Council and it was decided that the official name of the Church was, not "Sancta Romana Catholica Ecclesia," as was at first proposed by some of the bishops, but "Sancta Catholica Apostolica Romana Ecclesia," as was finally decided upon with practical unanimity and as it now appears in the dogmatic definition put forth by the Council.

The phrase "Roman Catholic" can, of course, be used in an orthodox sense, treating the two adjectives as synonymous terms, but the question is, not what meaning the phrase might have, but what sense it actually has here and now in the mouths of those who insist on applying it to us.

The use of "Roman Catholic" where referring to Catholics of Eastern rites, as in the case in point, is, I think, peculiarly unfortunate, because in the East, the designation "Catholic" is universally and upon all occasions conceded to those of our faith. The term "Greek Catholic" is no exception to this rule. There is, in the United States, a widespread popular misconception as to the meaning of "Greek Catholic." Many people falsely imagine that members of the Orthodox Eastern Church are properly so called. They are not. They have not heretofore made claim to the name. In eastern Europe and western Asia, where the Orthodox chiefly come from, the distinction is universally understood. Of those who use the so-called "Greek" or Byzantine liturgy, the Catholics are universally called "Greek Catholics" and the others are universally called "Greek Orthodox" or simply "Orthodox," never "Greek Catholics." But in the United States, so widespread is the error, even among otherwise well-informed Catholics, that we are forcing the name "Greek Catholic" on the Orthodox Church, in disregard of the obvious and accepted meaning of the words.

The use of "Roman Catholic" in an eastern context is open to another objection. It is a curious fact that the "Roman Church" is the official Turkish name for the Orthodox Eastern Church and, therefore, when used in the East or in an eastern context the word "Roman" is ambiguous, since it may refer either to us or to the Orthodox, whereas the word "Catholic" can refer only to us.

W. L. SCOTT.

MR. YOUNG'S PRINCIPLES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The swiftness with which a mutual admiration society is forming around Mr. Owen D. Young on the principles of his recent speech at the University of California, causes food for thought as to what this may portend. After all, Mr. Young is looking for peace, no doubt sincerely, as are so many others of his fellow-countrymen and international associates, but what principles of peace is he proposing? They sound suspiciously like the principles of the justness of the German reparations and the principles of international organization of finance.

If he meant true "economic reintegration" on the principles of the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII, his predecessors and successors (which are the principles of Catholic thought) would he then have lent his distinguished talents to the International Bank (so politely treated by the American press)? Comrade Lenin long ago pointed out what such an institution could mean, and though his preventible suggestions are not tenable, his warning is not amiss. Here is a problem for constructive Catholic action as called for by the editor of The Commonweal in a recent issue.

Furthermore, while it is glaringly indubitable that political theory since the 1919 treaties has been divorced from truth and reality, it is equally glaring that post-war economics has been no less so, and if now they have joined hands, since the last Hague consultation, does Mr. Owen D. Young guarantee that they have joined hands on justice and the truths of human nature? We doubt his guarantee, or he would most certainly have cleared up his fanciful metaphor of all the human faces moving together with politics and economics. We have always been trained to think that faces were moved by minds behind them, which took definite stands for good, or evil. We suspect a principle of force and not a principle of mind behind Mr. Young's principles.

M. R. MADDEN.

MR. FORD'S LATEST

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor:—An article by Lyle W. Cooper in The Commonweal of February 26 mildly criticizes certain "prosperous companies in the billion-dollar class which do not see fit to stimulate purchasing power by means of higher wages."

In this category are placed General Motors, the United States Steel Company and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and certain power groups.

While I do not in any sense speak in an official capacity for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, permit me to voice my humble opinion regarding the wage policy subscribed to by the particular subsidiary of this holding company with which I am associated. A company which can subscribe to a wage scale permitting its employees to invest an approximate average of 13 percent of its wages in one or more of its thrift plans certainly deserves to be classified as something other than despotic. Not only is a living wage (by the way, what is this thing called living wage?) but a saving wage granted to its employees. In addition to this I believe the plan for employees' pensions, disability benefits and death benefits adopted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and associated operating companies can in a broad sense be considered a "benevolent plan" although Mr. Cooper evidently finds it hard to associate holding companies with benevolence.

F. P. D'ALESSANDRO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Stage in Retrospect

IN SEVERAL respects, the major season of 1929-1930 now drawing to a close has been far more important than a mere summary of its productions would indicate. It has demonstrated, for example, that plays of real vigor or charm need very little tonic, that even a general business lull following a sensational market disaster cannot subdue the steady patronage of the worthwhile theatre. The season has also shown, through the amazing variety of its successes, that public taste is unconfined and does not run by years to a few limited types of plays. But the chief importance of the season rests on the appearance of a new form of competition. This is actually the first year in which the stage has had to cross swords seriously with something as new and potentially vital as the talking screen. The outcome of the struggle is highly speculative, but the mere fact that it is now raging is bound to produce deep changes in the structure, temper and form of the American stage.

Not all the good plays this year have achieved a vigorous life. It is a little difficult to see why, for example, such a play as A Hundred Years Old with Otis Skinner had to take speedily to the road. The only possible explanation is that Quintero plays demand an unusual perfection of ensemble and an almost perfect timing of action to bring out their full flavor and humanity. Miss Le Gallienne's company has discovered the exact formula, to the everlasting delight of Fourteenth-Street audiences. But the Otis Skinner production had the one and only fault of a lagging pace. This may have been enough to turn the tide of interest away from it. Many Waters was another poignant bit of work which fell short of real popular success. In this case, the only noticeable fault was in the structure of two scenes of the play, one of which shifted the interest and viewpoint entirely to a minor character, while another injected a discordant mood of satirical farce. It is quite amazing how often minor faults like this will destroy the unity of effect and dull the response of audiences.

On the other hand, the record of the more stalwart productions indicates a hopeful rising in the level of public taste—if not always as to subject-matter, at least as to dramatic value, clear writing and resourceful direction. One may even detect symptoms of a beneficial effect of talking-picture competition. Undoubtedly the day is passing, and rapidly, when mere entertainment value is enough to assure success to a stage play. The theatre is coming to be valued for those very things which the screen cannot supply—subtleties of fine acting, shades of expression which demand the unity of one stage setting and continuous action, and the warmth of living and believable human characters. These are qualities which inhere only in the well-written and superlatively well-acted and directed play. They cannot be found in a play of the crude narrative type, nor in any play produced under mediocre direction and with a haphazard cast. From this it follows that many plays which would have won favor a few years ago, when the theatre was the sole vehicle for dialogue entertainment, now find a chilly reception. The screen has increasingy taken over the story-telling function, and people are attracted to the legitimate theatre only when it offers something unique in its kind.

The theatre has accepted this unspoken challenge in fairly good grace. There are still a few showmen along Broadway who do not read the signs of the time and persist in producing mediocre plays in a mediocre way. But this season has been notable for the general excellence of its major productions. (I am referring, of course, to dramatic excellence as such, and not to the questionable themes which several plays have exploited.) As one glances back over such provocative plays as Death Takes a Holiday, Journey's End, Berkeley Square, Michael and Mary, A Month in the Country, Red Rust and Uncle Vanya, it is quite apparent that the current drama has not hesitated to make demands on the intelligence and deep feeling of its audiences. These plays are all serious in theme, and two, at least, are distinctly philosophical. No two are of the same type, and yet all of them have enjoyed either distinct financial success or a chorus of critical praise and serious discussion. They are certainly not plays written for the tired business man. Of the group, Uncle Vanya is by all odds the most distinguished in casting and direction. Journey's End comes a close second in these respects and is, in addition, an amazingly fine example of the power of understatement. Berkeley Square is a trifle precious and inclined to be unhealthy in its hidden theme, but is quite exquisite in its rendering. Death Takes a Holiday is the most interesting in abstract idea, falling short by a curious oversight from being a masterpiece of mysticism. It does not quite carry through the thought of death being the beginning of complete life. Red Rust was a terrific social drama of Russia in the doldrums, suffering—so experts on Russia tell us—from being twisted in adaptation to suit the tastes of French and American audiences. Certainly public appreciation of this group bears out the thought that our theatre taste is improving.

Still other important plays in the serious vein included Barry's recent Hotel Universe, Gorki's At The Bottom, Chekov's The Sea Gull in two separate versions and a new production of Tolstoy's The Living Corpse. Also serious, but much more obvious and in the line of older melodrama, were the two chief prison plays, The Criminal Code and The Last Mile. Both depend largely on a combination of sadism and sentimentality, and the patronage they draw is not very different ultimately from that of the tabloid press. Before we turn to the few successful comedies, there remains the popular idol of the day, Green Pastures. The passage of weeks has only convinced me more and more of the essentially false note this play strikes—the result of a sincere attempt at simplicity by an essentially sophisticated mind. It has many beauties, it is certainly not irreverent, but it fails to achieve real integrity.

Among the few comedies which linger in the mind, the most pretentious is, of course, Shaw's latest satire, The Apple Cart. It is a rather feeble thrust at best and would fail dismally under any other auspices than the Theatre Guild with its solid subscription list. Bird in Hand has enjoyed an amazingly long run for so trivial and repetitious a bit of nonsense and mild wisdom. Topaze is at least cleverly written and beautifully acted. The really serious breakdown in public taste comes with the success of Strictly Dishonorable, which is as misleading in values as it is clever in construction and expert in acting. It is of one piece with the usual Belasco type of comedy.

The main point we gather from this brief backward glance is the great preponderance of serious works among the notable plays of a crucial season—plays requiring either a definite sensitivity on the part of the audience, or a distinct mental alertness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even the most distasteful of the comedies must have something more than vulgarity or sophistication to recommend it. It must be well written and well acted before it can hope for a long life. In other words, theatre taste is becoming distinctly more exacting in proportion as the screen assumes command of the broader forms of narrative entertainment.

The Talking Screen in Prospect

IT IS dangerous, however, to assume that the screen is limited to a small part of the field once occupied by the stage. The last year has witnessed a complete revolution in motion-picture potentials, making the outcome of its struggle with the theatre even more difficult to predict. One has only to recall the filming of such plays as Journey's End and O'Neill's Anna Christie to realize that the talking screen refuses to limit itself to straight narrative or to material requiring unusual pictorial atmosphere. We are only in the first stages of talking-screen development. The mechanics of the new medium are being improved at an astonishing rate. What we regard as inherent crudities today may turn into inherent values tomorrow. An entirely new technique of direction and photography is growing up to meet the new possibilities. The only thing we can say with reasonable certainty is that a mechanical process can never fully equal the direct vision of human beings, and that the theatre will always have this thin margin to capitalize. We can also say that up to the present, the screen is most acceptable when it works for values the stage can never bring out (such as outdoor action, historical setting etc.) and so establishes a unique field of realism as its own.

But there is one very subtle way in which the screen may win a decisive victory over the stage—and that, if you please, is a matter of economics affecting the actor. The movies may charge only one-fifth of the theatre price for a first run performance, but they can multiply the number of those performances by a hundred. Their vast audience, reached simultaneously in a hundred leading cites, makes it possible to pay the movie actor a wage out of all proportion to the best he can ever hope to get from the stage. Moreover, he does not face the weeks of free rehearsal and possible failure of three out of four plays he acts in. More and more trained talent is being drafted from the stage to the screen through this simple economic pressure. Before the advent of screen dialogue, the problem was simple—screen acting was only half an art. But now that is all changed. An actor can now use every part of his training and skill. He may miss the applause, and the artstic satisfaction of re-creating a part every night in its entirety, but he can at least be assured of supporting a family! More and more, the only organization of the theatre which can hope to compete with the screen for the actor's services will be the group subscription theatre, offering its artists annual contracts, and providing an atmosphere in which the artist can realize his best ideals.

Trophy

O, man who shot the eagle,
You lacked an eagle's pride,
Clambering for a minute
Where only eagles bide:

And now the trophy brands you
A soul of lesser breed,
Who climbed above his station
And needs attest the deed.

L. A. G. STRONG.

BOOKS

Emily Dickinson

Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson; edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

Emily Dickinson, by Joseph Pollitt. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

RECALLING when one first heard of Emily Dickinson is an interesting and relatively instructive pastime. The schools of yore knew her not; and possibly the first attempt to introduce her work to a larger public was made by Professor Pattee's anthology of American literature. Nevertheless there were always lovers of poetry to whom her name was, in a manner, sacred. These must find no end of pleasure in the contemporary Dickinson revival. It is, of course, in the nature of a permanent revision. Nobody in this country has been more exquisitely lyrical. Hers is a poetry which reveals all its whims to a glance, but which reserves more and more of mystery for contemplation.

The new edition of Mrs. Bianchi's Life and Letters brings a good book to the fore once again. It includes, first of all, the correspondence which the editor thought the public ought to have—an indispensable, extraordinary collection. Often enough these spontaneous notes have a rare Elizabethan fancifulness, hard to associate with New England and yet at home there for everyone who understands that district and its tradition. Others are windows through which glimpses of the woman herself are afforded with delightful exactness. One comes to these things as to the world of birds and spring flowers. Mrs. Bianchi's biography is succinct, a little tight-laced and close-lipped, but giving essential information. It remains a volume which every lover of the poet may place beside her verse, as an open sesame to one's own imaginings.

Miss Pollitt's book is the first effort to evoke, fullbodied, the personality of Emily Dickinson. From almost every point of view it is a success. It peers behind veils but is seldom merely inquisitive. The amount of studious energy which the author has focused upon the environment of her character is so plainly the result of affection and so uniformly reflected in restrained comment that one can only admire and be glad. As a whole the volume may be overwritten—such phrases as "She went out into the hills and fields, and carried parts of them home in her arms," of which there are many, are not right. But it is so charming a novelty to see writing which is over rather than the prevailing under that you and I will not be caustic. Intrinsically the book's chief fault is that it does not stress sufficiently Emily's undeviating concern with death and immortality, so poignantly if laconically revealed by Mrs. Bianchi.

The central purpose is to throw some light upon the "love affair" which is known to have modified the poet's outlook and to have called forth at least some of her work. Miss Pollitt believes the man in question to have been Lieutenant (afterward Major) Edward Hunt, an army engineer, engrossed in scientific inquiry. Having ferreted out all the available facts, our biographer may justly claim that her argument is persuasive if not conclusive. The Hunts are thereby drawn into the centre of the Dickinson story, and Miss Pollitt derives excellent copy from Helen Hunt Jackson's Mercy Philbrick's Choice, which may have had a semibiographical intention. Other influential figures—Dr. Charles Wadsworth, Colonel Higginson, Samuel Bowles, the Dickinson family circle—are likewise outlined in clear and illuminating perspective. Nor has anyone else been able to make us see so vividly what Amherst (or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cultivated New England, for that matter) was like in those days.

Possibly Emily Dickinson herself fades from view as Miss Pollitt's spotlight flits from one portion of the environment to another. This was unavoidable. The poet happened to be a recluse, though the nature of her flight from the world has been misunderstood. One great virtue in both the books we have considered is the proof they offer that New England's finest lyric genius was not a spinster dried, like a filch of bacon, in any prim and primitive smoke. She had a sense of duty, a sacrificial nobleness. But her heart was munificently open to the companionship of human beings, nature and great literature. Of course she was a harp rather than a steam calliope, but the harp was played and in tune. The value of contact with such a character is obvious. Miss Pollitt has now made that easier and considerably more interesting. Her book will win and keep its place.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Story of the Jesuits

The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits, by René Fülöp-Miller; translated by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. New York: The Viking Press. $5.00.

THERE is much history in this book and more philosophy. It is mostly an apologetic, with some criticism. In eight parts, subdivided into 103 brief chapters or sections, the author reviews much of the vast literature that concerns the Society of Jesus since its foundation in 1540. His bibliography lists 963 books, pamphlets and magazine articles, but he gives no reference to the passages on which he bases his statements and conclusions.

Practically all the more important things that have been written for or against the Jesuits are treated in this volume. The eight parts are studies of The Spiritual Exercises, Ignatius, The Society, Free Will and Moral Philosophy, Jesuit Missions, Methods, and Education. Some of the titles of the chapters indicate the writer's captivating mode of treatment, as, for instance: The Pope's Comma; Grace in the Salons; Behaviorism, Wood Lice and Pavlov's Dog; The Atomization of Morality; Conversation through Clock and Calendar; Comedy of the Disguises; The Tribulations of Madame de Pompadour; Jesuit Opera and Jesuit Ballet.

Fülöp-Miller does not attempt to refute everything that has been said against the order, but as a rule he endeavors to show that there is another side and that much for which its members have been blamed was more reasonable than its enemies cared to admit. One of his favorite methods is to trace back to their sources the views and systems that were characteristically Jesuit, as, for instance, their moral philosophy to Aristotle, in Part IV. In nearly every part of the book there is a résumé of the history of the philosophical opinions which they adopted or developed, and often also a comparison of these with the opinions of later thinkers, as in Part III, The Battle over Free Will.

It is not to be expected that in a work so vast in scope and so varied in content—a critical study of a world-wide and most active organization for 400 years—that the author would treat every subject with the same correctness and familiarity. In stating facts he is more at home than when dealing with asceticism, theological disputes, philosophical theory and moral practices. Parts V, VI and VII contain many chapters that will repay reading. It is true the writer has an eye for sensational and dramatic, for sharp contrasts (e.g., Ignatius with Lenin) and at times he presents an exaggerated story or picture, but these historical sections are in the main correct and good summaries of wide reading.

Part I on the Spiritual Exercises is seriously at fault. Ignatius did not leave grace out of his scheme for religious perfection. He did not dream of suggesting that without it, by mere human endeavor, one could achieve union with God. Nor is it true to say that before his time spiritual writers and directors had insisted that this union could be attained only by mystical ecstasy. This Pourat makes clear in his Christian Spirituality which, by the way, Fülöp-Miller does not mention in his exhaustive bibliography.

Part II on Ignatius Loyola is perhaps the weakest one in the book. It calls throughout for documentation, but there is none. The author makes the strange mistake of confusing the Immaculate Conception with virginity.

Part III, The Battle over Free Will, is written in lighter vein. It is not an easy subject. It has nothing to do with the views of Descartes, Leibnitz, Spinoza, Kant, Bertrand Russell, James and the rest whom Fülöp-Miller arrays and one wonders why they are lugged in. All parties to the so-called battle were agreed on the fact that the will is free. They only differed in explaining how this freedom could be reconciled with the action of grace and in no sense determinists like most of the above mentioned. This is one of several philosophical digressions which do not always improve the work.

There is so much evidence in the book of a disposition to be fair that one is reluctant to speak of certain preconceptions that mar it, but in Part IV there are several. Since the Jesuits found that confession was to be a powerful means of winning people to religion, they had, according to the author, to make it attractive, to make it easy for penitents to receive absolution, "to bring as many sins as possible within the compass of absolution." So they "found an easy way of transforming a large number of mortal into venial sins." The author submits as if it were something new the doctrine that intention is a serious factor in morality, and that this apparently simple assumption enabled the Jesuits in many instances to absolve sinners! He exaggerates the office of the confessor as a judge. According to him all Catholics are convinced "that every mistake made by his father confessor in judging the sins committed by his penitents must have dire consequences"—no less than exclusion from salvation, as if confessors do not let penitents sit in judgment on themselves and accept what they confess without question. This is not the only evidence of preconception. "In the middle-ages," we are told, "men were still far from recognizing 'the liberty of a Christian' man, 'who should be a free lord over all things and subject to no one.'" And in Jesuitism, according to the author, this view of authority survived beyond the middle-ages. And yet he admits Jesuits had personal initiative and individual freedom and that this was the secret of their power. In the chapter on Galileo, he accounts for the study of the sciences by Jesuits not to a love of science but to a desire to prove that the world is theocentric!

Fülöp-Miller's discussion of the end-and-means charge is far from clear. He does not keep in mind the distinction between lawful and unlawful means. He tells us that in 1873 the question was brought before the Judicial Committee of the German Federal Council, without stating what the decision was and without telling us how frequently it had been adjudged since, so that no well-read person would dare put forth as a Jesuit maxim today that any end, good or evil, justifies means that are evil.

The reviewer once asked a man who was reviling confession: "When were you at confession last?" Much, of course, to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the indignation of the reviler. And yet without experience, what right has one to talk of the confessional? Perhaps some day the writers of books will think of giving the world information obtained at first hand, about sacred things like the confessional, and about living organizations like the Jesuits. There are today over twenty-two thousand Jesuits in the world. They have no special power and they never had any secrets. What a different book we might expect from Fülöp-Miller if only he had studied his subject in the life instead of wading through his imposing bibliography!

JOHN J. WYNNE.

The French in America

From Quebec to New Orleans, by J. H. Schlarman. Belleville, Illinois: Buechler Publishing Company. $5.00.

AS I frequently have had occasion to remark, in the pages of The Commonweal and elsewhere, people who forget their ancestors and fail to honor their virtues and achievements quickly become vulgarians; like a rich family whose money goes to their heads and drives out memories of those whose names should be held in reverence; their own fathers and grandfathers, and perhaps more particularly their mothers and their mothers' mothers. Fortunately, amid all the welter of literary interests, not to say fevers, which are prevalent among American readers today, the interest in American history is solidly present, and is destined, I believe, to grow in extent and depth, and in practical value. Not only are scientific research workers providing for fresh material relating to the pioneers of many races and many creeds, who opened up the new world and prepared the paths for the great northern republic, the United States, but trustworthy and reliable popularizers of the historians are also appearing, together with creative artists, like Willa Cather and Mary Austin, and Thornton Wilder, who are drawing upon the rich treasure unearthed by the historians, and made known to the public by the popularizers, in order to create poetry, novels, plays and music. Among these popularizers high place must be given to an author new at least to The Commonweal, Dr. J. H. Schlarman, whose well-illustrated, beautifully printed and well-documented story of the French in North America can be most heartily recommended; in fact, it should be a duty resting upon those who can reach the general public to urge the many claims of this fascinating record.

The book is far from being a mere rehashing of the facts, theories, and discoveries of other scholars and other writers. A great deal of patient and fruitful research on the part of Dr. Schlarman has gone into the making of his book. The archives of Europe as well as America have been ransacked for hitherto hidden facts, which throw fresh interest upon the pages in which his clear and simple prose relates with unflagging zeal the high romance of the French martyrs and missionaries, voyageurs and military men, and the intrepid women whose names stand so high in the annals of the French in America.

At a time when so much work is being done, particularly by the master of all Spanish American historians, Professor Herbert Bolton of the University of California, and May at Duke University, and by Dr. Peter Guilday of the Catholic University, to bring the importance of the Spanish element in American history to the attention of the public which up to now has been perhaps overfed with the achievements of the Puritans in New England, the Huguenots, the Dutch, the Quakers in Pennsylvania and the Cavaliers in Virginia, it is most important that fresh attention should be given to the work of the French. Parkman's masterly volumes, which are, however, not always reliable when they are concerned with the religious motives of the French (although in no sense could Parkman be termed a bigot) are no longer generally read.

Dr. Schlarman's volume will, I trust, direct fresh attention to a theme well deserving of fresh and persistent research, and even more deserving of general literary and artistic treatment. His story begins with the coming of Jacques Cartier to the site of the present city of Quebec in 1535, and then traces the paths of heroism, often made scarlet with the blood of martyrs, up the St. Lawrence, across the Great Lakes, and down the Mississippi and the Ohio valleys, to Fort de Chartres and New Orleans. The conflicting interests of the British and French colonists, the many wars or alliances with the savages, leads up to the fundamental clash between British and French military and political powers, with the collapse of the French régime. It then proceeds to trace the development of the suppression of independence of the English colonies, with the many problems involving the French, closing with the exploits of George Rogers Clark, which put an end to British domination in the Middle-west.

It would take a review that would be at least half as lengthy as Dr. Schlarman's bulky book, in which, however, there is not a dull page, adequately to summarize its contents. But you should read the book for yourself.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Mr. Wilder's Figurines

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

THERE is a certain sense in which the work of Thornton Wilder is artificial and there is a sense in which artifiiciality is the last thing that could be said of him. Artificial the novels of Henry James, for instance, are, and because Wilder, too, views his characters as shades possessed of the fragile grace of Tanagra figurines, with perhaps as little reality as marionettes (although he conceals the wires better than the expansive James) so may he be said to be artificial. He is also, like lovers of the decorative, fond of the serene purple passage.

His new story concerns the lives of three persons—a lady of a certain age and of more uncertain virtue, her sister, and a young blade of respectable parentage—on one of "the happiest, and one of the least famous of the islands, Brynos," off the Aegean coast of Greece. The hetaira, named Chrysis, entertains lavishly. Her savory dinners and all-night drinking-bouts with their conversations recall the hospitality of Callias in Plato and could as easily, if stenographically reported, produce another Banquet. At any rate, Pamphilus, the youth, has got his parents considerably worried over him, for he cannot marry respectably if he persists in carrying on with the woman from Andros. Matters come to a head when Pamphilus meets the young sister Glycerium (who is not supposed to go out) wandering on the island, when she falls in love with him, discovers she will bear him a child, and dies in childbirth—shortly after the death, whether due to mental shock or ennui one never learns, of Chrysis.

But the import of the story is the thing and brings me back to that other sense, with which I started, in which by no manner of means can Wilder be called artificial. The major import, as I see it, is the spiritual ineptness of the pre-Christian Greek civilization, like that of one fly hermetically sealed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA

CLIFF HAVEN, Lake Champlain, N. Y.

A Square Mile of Parkland, Three-quarters of a Mile of Lake Front

REV. FRANCIS P. DUFFY, D.D., *President*

Adirondack Mountains to West, Green Mountains to East
"Mountain Air at Sea Level"

Golf	Horseback Riding	Concerts
Boating	General Lectures	Dramatics
Bathing	Carnivals	Motoring
Tennis	Movies	

General Session Mid-June to Mid-September Special Session

Fordham University Extension Courses

June 30 to July 26

FIFTY COURSES IN

Education	Modern Languages	Commercial
English	Music	Education
History and	Philosophy	Latin
Political Science	Science	Art
Mathematics	Economics	

Courses Offered Will Be of Interest to the Following:

1. College students who have conditions to make up.
2. College students who wish to secure advanced credit.
3. Teachers who are studying for their Bachelor's degree.
4. College graduates who are studying for graduate degrees, Master's or Doctor's in arts, Science, Philosophy or Education.
5. Teachers seeking credit toward and exemptions from certain parts of examinations of the Board of Examiners, City of New York.
6. Teachers wishing to establish eligibility for promotion, Junior High School and Senior High School licenses in New York City.
7. Teachers seeking necessary courses required for State Teacher's Certificates.
8. Alertness Courses required by Board of Education, City of New York.
9. General Culture.

Fees, Tuition, Board and Lodging, four weeks, covering two full Courses, four credits—$175
Additional Courses, $10 a Point

For full information address
CHARLES A. WEBBER, *Executive Secretary*
44 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For special information regarding Courses or Special Requirements address

MAURICE E. ROGALIN, Ph.D., *Director*
Fordham University, New York

in a room from which it can never emerge to fresher air. Chrysis reminds the reader of the woman in Karel Capek's Makropoulos Secret, who has lived 300 years, looks sweet sixteen or a cosmeticized thirty, and contains bottled up the very quintessence of fatalism. She will live and die alone. Wilder is not merely a good story-teller with the patina and detail of a Flemish primitif. He is as passionately interested in spiritual states as Cardinal Newman. He pictures the essentially Godless flatness of pagan Greece: they worshiped their gods, not, as several modern philosophers would have us think they did, as "evanescences," but as beings. But that salt was rapidly losing its savor. Pessimism was rampant: "The most difficult burden [of life] was the incommunicability of love." Into this Grecian urn of religion, already dry of faith, Wilder begins to pour the productive Christ-heralding rain of his last few pages.

Mr. Wilder has tried to get inside of the minds of his characters. His rich sense of biographical fitness here aids him, e.g., in Pamphilus's father, but he does not always successfully achieve penetration; he is diffuse in plan, not diffuse enough in execution. From about the seventy-fifth to the one-hundredth page there is a bleak expanse fringing on boredom—a serious fault in a small book of 162 pages. But although to tell what his laconic generalities signify is sometimes not altogether easy, the residual atmosphere is like that of a very lovely painting, say Giovanni Bellini's, of The Crucifixion. One feels a laudable effort expended to get at the bottom of people's minds, and of spiritual wrongs, in a spiritual way. The Woman of Andros exhibits really the Tod und Verklärung of Greece.

JAMES W. LANE.

Historians of Our Wilds

American Naturists, by Henry Chester Tracy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.90.

THE title of this book naturally would attract first of all the reader who is interested in nature; yet the book might well be guaranteed to hold the attention of those who care only for the study of human life, and for whom the rough forest and the swampland are a thing apart and somewhat terrifying.

Mr. Tracy tells us of those clear-cut personalities who each in his turn answered the call to chronicle the passing phases of wild life in the American forest and save it from being engulfed and lost "in the dark backward and abysm of time." He has the gift of choosing with astonishing accuracy the very passages and incidents which best recall to mind those bygone days and the widely differing characters of the men he writes about. "Wilson was a weaver who would not weave, Audubon a merchant who would not sell goods, Thoreau a pencil maker who would not make pencils, Burroughs a farmer who would not farm, Muir a rake manufacturer who would not make rakes. . . . Now millionaires pay large amounts for letters in their hand and signature, and treasure early imprints of their books.

"Here is a curious paradox. Nature produced science and science is supposed to be an account of natural laws; yet the more science increases the more nature is diminished as fact and value, or vanishes into formulae of energy, into mathematical descriptions of atomic and electrical force. John Bartram salvaged for us, out of the dark of the middle eighteenth-century forests, the song of an Indian, heard by himself alone, wakeful at night in Penn's woods. William Bartram passed on to us an impression of the cooing of Catesbys' ground doves,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the south." Evidently none of these chroniclers of nature aspired to greatness, or achieved it, yet in the work of one and all of them is latent at least that necessary element of greatness which hands it down to us of later generations more worth while now than when it was created.

And yet their work, restricted as it was to simple description of the wild creatures and their ways, failed to save for us the real spirit of the American wilderness; as Mr. Tracy says, "We face the fact there exists no adequate record of the American wilderness in terms of nature impression. . . . The earlier actualities of North American river, prairie and forest are lost beyond recovery."

Coming down to writers of our own time, he says, "The nature men have given us new word-sets. They have used words in a new way. That is, their writings are important as literature. This cannot be equally true of all of them. It is unquestionably true of those of them who cultivated the gift. . . . Our list has aimed to be representative. A complete list would be encyclopedic. Besides the men of science whose occasional contributions to our literature might bring them properly into the field of these sketches, there are popular lecturers, photographers, artists and essays we might like to include.

"No two authorities would agree on the most representative list. We must hope therefore that those whose admiration turns toward some person not described . . . will not resent an omission that implies no reflection on such a person's achievements."

The last chapter, Forest Man as Naturist, is the most fascinating of all. A simple record of things said and done by a few last representatives of the Redman. Ishi, last of the Yahi tribe; Ohiyesa, an orphan papoose, brought up by his grandmother, Uncheeda; Gawaso Wanneh, an Iroquois, and Smoky Day, the schoolmaster of the woods, retaining to the last their native consciousness of mental and spiritual superiority over the white hordes that overwhelmed them by sheer force of numbers leave the reader somewhat inclined to believe that they were right.

It is a long time since any book has come my way that I have so thoroughly enjoyed reading.

WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM.

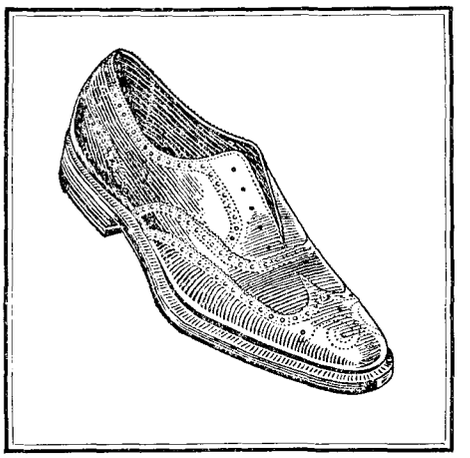
Rural Vitality

Principles of Rural-Urban Sociology, by Pitirim Sorokin and Carle C. Zimmerman. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

WITH the publication of this volume, rural sociology in America has become of age both chronologically and psychologically. Taking its origin two decades ago in the exigencies of the farm problem, given its bearings by the Roosevelt Commission on Country Life in 1909, it has been indebted for its development to a group of thoughtful students for the most part connected with our state agricultural colleges and the United States Department of Agriculture. Its field was variously conceived as a survey of rural social institutions, an estimate of rural adequacy, a program of rural betterment, a picture of the farmer's contribution to the great society. The materials for the growing science were found in the rapidly developing wealth of information dug up by the United States decennial censuses and by local research.

Across this path of the development has come the influence of a Russian sociologist, Pitirim Sorokin, a compatriot of Kerensky, who for the past several years has been connected with the University of Minnesota. In collaboration with Professor Carle Zimmerman, Sorokin has produced the present

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS



A Special
ALTMAN
OXFORD
For Gentlemen

This specially featured shoe, built to the strict Altman specification, is an assured value at such a modest price. It is made of selected calfskin, tan or black, with medium or broad toe $8.50

Other Altman Shoes
$12.50 to $25

MEN'S SHOES—SIXTH FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNREALISTS:

James, Bergson, Santayana, Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Alexander and Whitehead.

By HARVEY WICKHAM

In this book, which completes the trilogy begun by "The Misbehaviourists" and continued in "The Impuritans," Harvey Wickham carries the war into the very tents of the generals of modernistic thought.

Price $3.50

William Cardinal O'Connell writes:

"I can say unreservedly that Mr. Wickham deserves the greatest praise for unmasking the specious and wholly false arguments of modern philosophers and psychologists. I have recommended the reading of Mr. Wickham's books to my own clergy. The penetration and the amazing erudition of Mr. Wickham are a real revelation to the world. I am sure that his book will have a very wide circulation with untold profit to the readers, at least such of them as have the desire for truth and the good-will to see it when it is so clearly pointed out . . . I hope you will convey to Mr. Wickham my sincere thanks for the most interesting three books which I have read in many a year. (The three books referred to by his eminence are The Misbehaviorists, The Impuritans, and the last and greatest of the remarkable trilogy, The Unrealists.)"

Michael Williams in The Commonweal says:

"It is to be hoped that American readers will widely recognize the value of this new writer. Catholic readers of course should welcome him; but it is those who have neither the solace of Faith nor the steading influence of the common-sense philosophy stemming from the Faith, who need him most. No more effective antidote to the literary poisons of modernism has appeared since Chesterton's Orthodoxy than Harvey Wickham's The Unrealists. One of the strongest, ablest and, fortunately, most entertaining and wittiest living champions of that common sense in philosophy and of that firm, inshakable faith in God and the reality of the supernatural, which the Catholic Church exists in order to maintain, and to prove."

CARDINAL NEWMAN

By J. LEWIS MAY

A brilliant biography of one of the great figures of Victorian England. Lewis May, known as a stylist, for the perfect form of his translations of Anatole France, has for years made an enthusiastic study of Newman, and has the ability to communicate this to his readers. A Catholic Book of the Month Club Selection. *Price $3.50*

"For a modern reader this is the best study of Newman yet written."—*London Daily News.*

"The heart of every lover of Newman will go out in gratitude to the author."—*Catholic Times.* (London)

"It is indeed a joyful experience to come upon a biography such as this. His contribution is distinctive in that it will appeal both to the intellectuals and to the ordinary lover of straightforward biographical narrative."—*Catholic Press Union.*

"The book has to be read to get its spirit and to see his triumph The style in which Mr. May's book is written deserves high place in English prose. To pay it the highest compliment imaginable but a just one it is not noticeably inferior to Newman's own.—*New York Sun.*

"He gives the reader a remarkably fine insight into the sensitive nature and refined character of the Cardinal."—*Franciscan Herald.*

LINCOLN MACVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK

volume which will undoubtedly exercise a powerful and a wholesome influence on the future of rural sociology. It restates the field of rural sociology with clarifying directness and introduces a wealth of data, drawn from foreign sources, not heretofore used by American rural sociologists.

The field of rural sociology is to describe and explain rural-urban differences which are constant characteristics of the rural in contradistinction to urban social phenomena. The authors consider that advice regarding the improvement of rural life belongs to the field of rural social technology rather than to theoretic rural sociology.

In dealing with social characteristics of the rural group, emphasis is placed upon the comparative immobility of the agricultural population not only territorially but also in regard to change of occupation and of socio-economic conditions. In socio-economic status, the farmer-peasant is par excellence of the proprietor class, the percentage of owners within the whole agricultural population being notably higher than in any other large occupation. On the other hand, he is too much of a laborer to be identified with the conservative class. Consequently, both farmer-labor and farmer-capitalist programs are utopian. The agrarian movement will go its own way.

A permanent rural-urban difference is to be found in birth rate and vitality. When comparative statistics are standardized to take into account the age and sex distribution of population, it is found in practically all countries that the rural birth rate is much higher than that of the city and that a rapid decrease in birth rate has gone on with the increase of urbanization of population. When these facts are considered in conjunction with the data which show the greater longevity of the agricultural group it becomes evident that the rural vital index is notably higher than the urban. The situation may be summarized by saying that increase of population comes primarily in the rural districts, and the urban population is gradually being replaced by the rural.

The facts just stated are to a considerable degree a reflection of the greater stability of the rural family. Our authors summarize the situation thus: "From whatever viewpoint we take the rural and urban families, we have to recognize that the rural family as a union of husband and wife, as a union of parents and children, as an economic unit, as a social unit, as an institution for procreation and education of children has been more stable, integrated, efficient, and has disintegrated in a less degree in all these respects than the urban family. The urban family has already lost some of these functions; others are considerably atrophied; the size of the family itself is shrinking more and more. In brief, according to all evidence, the urban family is in the process of decay; and this decay has some causal relationship with the process of urbanization itself."

The authors indicate among the dangers to the future existence of a highly urbanized society, a further disorganization of the family, further increases in irreligiosity, criminality and political instability. For these trends they suggest the following remedies: "There must be further improvement in city hygienic conditions and in the vitality of the urban population; a cessation of propaganda in favor of birth control . . . a deep spiritual revolution should be directed toward a reinforcement and regeneration of the stoic attitude toward life instead of the epicurean; toward regeneration of the idealistic and religious outlook instead of the purely mechanistic and materialistic faiths; toward a regeneration of the family institution, possibly in a somewhat different form, but in all essentials preserving the substantial functions of the family; and toward a decrease of scepticism, cynicism and other similar currents of thought."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In all this, particularly in the relation of the farm to the traditional family, may be glimpsed the philosophy of the Catholic rural life movement in its program for the building up of ten thousand strong country parishes in the United States. "The rural population of today is the urban of tomorrow." Any institution which is strong in the country has the promise of the future; an institution that is weak in the country is decaying at its roots.

The authors promise a three-volume source book substantiating more fully from world experience the conclusions contained in the present volume. The promised volumes will be a welcome addition to our sociological literature.

EDWIN V. O'HARA.

Mr. Sitwell's Manner

The Man Who Lost Himself, by Osbert Sitwell. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $2.50.

THIS is a most provoking book in the worst and in the best sense of that provoking word. It annoys one by its repetitious and overly meticulous psychoanalysis, by its lack of illuminating incidents, in short by an expository rather than by a narrative and dramatic method. If one is to be witness and try to understand a tragedy, then one wants to see it enacted, not to be told painstakingly about it by an author who more than occasionally discovers in himself as well as his hero a tragic figure.

Mr. Tristram Orlander, whose story this is, is a man of genius who is dogged all his life by his own shadow. So, the author tells us, are most men. So, we know, were Anna Karenina, and The Mayor of Casterbridge, and Madame Bovary. We remember them by the things they did and said and thought; but through Mr. Sitwell's writing of narrative we shall not long remember Tristram Orlander because he is drawn as another shadow, a shadow who from the first to the last page does not speak except to expound a theory. And shadows are provokingly intangible as major characters in tragedies.

But there are things we shall long remember in Mr. Sitwell's book. His descriptions of Spain where most of his story is set provoke our willing admiration and complete satisfaction: the silent, grey-golden downs above Granada, the purple flags among a mass of dagger-like leaves; that strange blueness of the city after sunset when "there comes to Granada a moment no other city knows"; the courts of the Alhambra at night; the terraces, alleys, and wine shops of Seville. For the sake of these we tolerate those intrusive, smart pages obviously intended to satirize certain American tourists, who quite as obviously annoy Mr. Sitwell more than they annoy his hero and who unquestionably help to destroy whatever unity his book possesses. Not that for one moment we hold any brief for American tourists! But his are so unreal in their stupidity and so entirely out of the tone of the story that their inclusion seems not only unfortunate but unwarrantable.

Uneven as is much of the style, there are not infrequently passages which recall the best of the romantic prose of the nineteenth century, particularly that of Pater. Perhaps, indeed, in view of the facts that the most memorable feature of the book is its description and that the method throughout is expository rather than dramatic, Mr. Sitwell intends his manner to be fully as important in the reader's mind as his matter. Perhaps, again, however, his success would have been greater had he shared Thomas De Quincey's contention that manner and matter are inseparable.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

Announces its selection for May

Tramping to Lourdes

by JOHN GIBBONS OF HORNSEY

(P. J. Kenedy & Sons)

A book about an adventure—about the lure of the open road—is what John Gibbons of Hornsey in Middlesex has made of his pedestrian pilgrimage to Lourdes. Glimpses of Solesmes, Rocamadour, Mont Saint Michael; of strangely foreign customs in things worldly and devout, recorded with a sincere appreciation and a keen, gracious humour. . . . If, someday, you are going to Lourdes (and who is not)? take this book with you. And, if you have been, retrace your steps in retrospect.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Because: Membership in the Catholic Book Club means that you add monthly a worthy Catholic book to your library—and at a Saving.

Sign and mail this coupon now. Free booklet on request.

CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB, INC.
461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

☐ For $25 enclosed enter my subscription for one year (12 books).

☐ For $4 enter my subscription. I promise to pay $4 a month for six more months for a total of 12 books.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWMAN SCHOOL

Lakewood—New Jersey

Prepares boys for all leading colleges and universities. Upper and Lower School. Directed by Catholic laymen. Resident Chaplain.

For Information Address

W. GRIFFIN KELLEY, *Headmaster*

OUR LADY OF LOURDES CAMP ASSOCIATION

A Camp for Catholic Boys
and
A Camp for Catholic Girls
(*Age Limits Ten to Sixteen*)

Livingston Manor, Sullivan Co., New York
1200 *Acres, Mountain, Meadow, Forest.*
Each camp located on its own lake.
Boating, Bathing, Athletic Sports.
Priest in residence at each camp.

Terms—$80 a Month
Two Entrance Dates July 1st and Aug. 1st

O. L. L. CAMP FOR GIRLS
July 1st to August 30th

CAMP ACADIA FOR BOYS
July 1st to August 30th

For prospectus and further information address

The Right Rev. JOS. H. McMAHON, Ph.D.
DIRECTOR
468 West 143rd Street New York City
Telephone, Edgecombe 5820

Studying the Middle-Ages

Studies in Mediaeval Culture, by Charles Homer Haskins. New York: The Oxford University Press. $5.00.

OF THE twelve essays here collected three are new. Manuals for Students digests suggestively certain typical books which historians of education should know better, and actually makes them interesting. The feat is most noteworthy for that muddle-head John of Garland, who is discreetly damned with the following faint praise. "[He] was a pedantic professor of grammar who imagined himself to be a poet. . . . Stilted in their diction and generally obscure in style, the numerous works . . . sometimes contain material of interest for the university life of his day." The Early Artes Dictandi in Italy is more technical and more important. The cardinal need of research in a field too long neglected is made evident, is partly supplied by summaries and quotations from the earlier period and is guided by indications of method. The connection of ceremonious correspondence with the mediaeval tradition of rhetoric is hinted; but the bare addition that Alberic's Breviarium "includes a consideratio rithmorum which takes us far from letter-writing" may mislead the uninformed. No one knows better than Professor Haskins that it takes us—far indeed from modern letter-writing, but into the very midst of mediaeval dictamen. The third of the new essays, The Heresy of Echard the Baker of Rheims, explores a particular case of the tendency analyzed in the preceding essay, revised from its special publication in 1902.

Among the master's recent studies two appearing originally in Speculum should especially command the wider audience: The Spread of Ideas in the Middle Ages (1926) and Latin Literature under Frederick II (1928). Here are most evident that pointing of generalization with specific leads for inquiry which continues to make his exact and ripe scholarship fruitful beyond the range of his personal influence. This volume hardly touches the recently explored evidence of iconography which is recommended in the preface. But though it deals almost exclusively with documents, no one has done more to widen the earlier range of that term. The earliest essay here reprinted was published in 1898. True, it has been revised, and supplemented as the others have been with those precious bibliographical notes on which students have learned to rely; but the date is eloquent. Mediaeval studies in English were still often apologetic or sentimental. During the years that have seen the rise and fall of Henry Adams's Mont St. Michel and Chartres, Professor Haskins has been steadily showing how to study mediaeval history.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN.

Essays Intimate and Critical

The Joys of Forgetting, by Odell Shepard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00

Betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross, by Martin Burrell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

MR. SHEPARD'S "book of bagatelles," as he calls it, might have been given the title, The Joys of Reading; and that title would have served him well not only to present his own volume, but to introduce along with it Mr. Burrell's. Both of these volumes achieve what reading is properly designed to achieve; they give delight to the mind. With a charm that is as pleasing as the voice of a quiet friend, Mr. Shepard writes about childhood and unicorns, dolls and ink-bottles, and a score of such other "little" things as enter deeply into our lives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost without our knowing it. "Candid, serene, detached, amused, yet profoundly concerned with life," as Mr. Walter de la Mare says in his foreword, Mr. Shepard leaves me, at the close of his book, with the feeling of having once more lived richly because simply, for a little while.

I am the more ready, then, to enjoy the stimulating effects of Mr. Burrell's fine collection of critical essays. Here, above all, I find at last a clear, sound summing up of Emil Ludwig's much-lauded Napoleon, a book which has puzzled me. No doubt, I have been in the same position as most readers of Ludwig's widely circulated biography; that is, dazzled by his easy, flashing style. But not even Merehkovsky's fine study of Napoleon quite set me right. It took Mr. Burrell to do that. He knows his Napoleon! And he knows many other things, twixt Heaven and Charing Cross; and he has a delightfully sure yet unofficious manner of sharing his knowledge with others. Thomas Hardy and John Masefield become one's intimates in his pages; Milton and Lord Acton are alive again; Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech is more than legendary inspiration; chain letters no longer terrify. . . .

The joys of reading are beautifully realized in these two volumes of essays; and no one who reads them, in spite of Mr. Shepard's exquisite dissertation on The Joys of Forgetting, will ever quite let them go from memory.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

The New Mythology

Selected Poems, by Conrad Aiken: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

FOUR hundred pages of Conrad Aiken ought to make a greater impression than they do. For he has in abundance everything he needs, wit, imagination, and knowledge of his craft. He is a sensitive observer, and his style is beautifully clear, even when he writes on the double plans of the conscious and the subconscious, a job which forces almost everyone else into agonies of utterance. He has the further advantage of working in a field into which few poets have made extended excursions equipped with anything like half his scholarship. For all this the total effect of his selected poems is not great. You may marvel at his skill, his versatility or his astonishing productiveness without feeing that what results has had its expected impact. There are perhaps a dozen short lyrics as fine as any which American poetry can show in our times; there is the passage in Senlin which many of us still have by heart; there is Punch: the Immortal Liar, and there is, best of all, Tetélestai, but the rest leave one unmoved, untouched. The ease, rather the eloquence with which he writes is often disconcerting, and in his more ambitious things almost always suspect. It is puzzling, because the only lack on which one can lay a finger is a negligible dramatic power, although his fondness for long narratives makes this more serious.

Followed through one poem after another, Mr. Aiken's melancholy wears pretty thin. One is compelled to ask at times whether it is not merely a formula which he has vowed to repeat. Indeed this fine poet often reminds one of a professional mourner, going at an instant's notice through the forlorn grimaces of his trade. And as with his melancholy, so with his museum of horrors out of Goya. The monstrous shapes with which he habits his subconscious world are simply part of his apparatus. They are his mythology, thus, in his poetry modern psychology (and Goya) have replaced the Olympians with all sorts of fauna decaying on the hoof.

VINCENT ENGELS.

31st Season for Boys 7-16
A CATHOLIC CAMP FOR BOYS AND GUEST CAMP FOR MEN
where joy, good health and sportsmanship reign supreme
Chaplain, Doctor, Twenty Counselors and Nurse are part of staff
Write for 1930 Booklet to
Directors J. P. Maloney and J. C. Myer
CAMP NAMASCHAUG
8 Court Square, Brooklyn, N. Y.
(Telephone TRIangle 1532)
N. J. Office, Phone Essex 5586

WE-HA-KEE
Camp for Girls
On Green Bay, Marinette, Wisconsin. 8 hours from Chicago. Modern equipment. All activities. Staff of Sister counselors—also doctor and nurse. Fee $250. Conducted by Dominican Sisters. For information, write
Sister David, Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133d Street and Convent Avenue, New York
SUMMER SCHOOL, JUNE 24—AUGUST 2, INCLUSIVE
THE REV. DOM MAUR SABLAYROLLES, O.S.B.
representative in America of Solesmes and the teachings of
DOM ANDRE MOCQUEREAU
will direct the Liturgical Singing

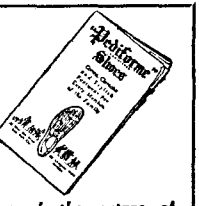
Justine Ward Method	Victor Records
Gregorian Chant	of
Gregorian Accompaniment	Gregorian Chants
Sight Reading, Ear Training	Pius X Choir conducted by
Private Lessons	Justine Ward

For further information, adddress the Secretary—Audubon 3 6 6 3

Young woman, graduate of Catholic college, two years' graduate study in France, A.M., candidate for Ph.D. at Columbia; will teach college English, New York or vicinity. Experience and recommendations. Box 8, Commonweal.

Poor Cinderella!

Gone are day when fairy glass shoes
Were the heighth of desire and style.
Now we wear shoes that really fit
And have learned to walk with a smile.
A corrective shoe on a stylish last
With comfort may all day be worn
And you'll bid farewell to foot ills—
If you buy yours from PEDIFORME.



Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" Shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book "K" that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY
36 W. 36 St. New York · 2474 Morris Ave. Bronx · 29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J. · 322 Livingston St. Brooklyn
275 North Avenue, New Rochelle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GORHAM
ECCLESIASTICAL PRODUCTIONS

Rosaries Candlesticks Vases
Crucifixes Ostensoria Pyxis & Oil Stocks
Medals Vestments Triptychs

Altar Appointments — Church Decorations
Mosaics—Tablets—Stained Glass Windows

GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York

JEFFERSON CLUB
2014 Investment Building
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Jefferson Club, headquarters for Democratic women at all times, invites women to join. Dues are small and many contacts are made of an interesting nature.
Classes in parliamentary law will be sponsored by the Jefferson Club and the classes will be taught by Ada K. Gannon at the Congress of Clubs. Classes started April 5th and will continue on April 9th, 12th, 16th, 19th and 23rd.
The course is $2.00. Further information may be had from Jefferson Club Headquarters, Atlantic 1773.
Broadcasting over KQV twice monthly

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES. MAGAZINES. BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

Free, by Blair Niles. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THIS novel, Free, coming so closely upon the heels of Condemned to Devil's Island, its author's previous venture into bad writing, is an indication and a reproach. An indication inasmuch as its apparent popularity, and the success of its predecessor, necessarily predetermines a long, straggling line of books about foreign political prisons; and a reproach in so far as it evinces the woful extremes to which journalese, the prose of our generation, may be forced. The book is concerned with the French convicts of Guiana, but more especially with Stephen Latour, a student who after eight years' experience of penal systems, discovers the means of escape to lie within his reach. The admiration of Celeste, a local passion flower, temporarily obscures his urgent wish for freedom, and jeopardizes his chances of securing it, but being a sensible fellow he goes away. The author proffers as obvious an example of sentimental literary hysteria, as one might dread to find on a publisher's list. But it is distinctly marketable; it is tropical, sensual and realistic, and on its merits as a scenario and box-office attraction, some Hollywood magnate will pocket the customary million, and some profile be borne to fame.

Life in the Middle Ages: Volume IV, by G. G. Coulton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THIS, the final volume of Dr. Coulton's reconstructed mediaeval anthology, is the one round which discussion is likely to wax fiercest. Concerned with "monks, friars and nuns," it manifests clearly the author's tendency, which is radically antiromantic and in a sense anti-Catholic. Matters of textual examination we shall leave to others, this not being the place to deal with them. There is no doubt that the book leans heavily on the side of criticism. An anthology equally large and interesting could be devoted to that lore which Kenelm Henry Digby loved with all his heart. Even so, Dr. Coulton's book will be useful to the discriminating scholar. It will help to cure him of too eager a willingness to regard the Church as bound up especially with a definite era or civilization. Showing that the essence of Christ's kingdom is always a war against the "world," it may rid some of fatuous dreaming about the past and instil resolution to accept the present and labor earnestly for its betterment.

CONTRIBUTORS

KATHERINE MAYNARD sends us these letters from Boston, where lived the friend to whom Miss Guiney addressed them.
HILAIRE BELLOC, whose books include The Path to Rome; and Europe and the Faith, is an English writer in history, politics and literature.
REDFERN MASON is music critic on the San Francisco Examiner.
BYRNE MARCONNIER is author of a series of St. Louis poems.
GEORGE ANTHONY WELLER sends us this article from Tucson, Arizona.
CANON ERNEST DIMNET is an authority on English and French literature and politics. He is the author of The Art of Thinking.
LOUISE OWEN is a New Hampshire essayist.
SAMUEL PUTNAM is the author of François Rabelais—a Spiritual Biography; and associate editor of This Quarter.
L. A. G. STRONG is a professor at Oxford and the author of Dublin Days.
REV. JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J., is the editor of The Catholic Encyclopaedia and The Catholic Dictionary.
JAMES W. LANE, JR., is a general critic of literature.
WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM is a New Hampshire farmer and writer whose books include Little Beasts of Field and Wood; and American Animals.
REV. E. V. O'HARA is director of the Catholic Rural Life Bureau.
MARY ELLEN CHASE is professor of English in Smith College and the author of The Golden Asse and Other Essays.
CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, professor of rhetoric and English at Barnard College, Columbia University, is the author of Essays out of Hours; Introduction to English Mediaevel Literature, and other books.
CHARLES PHILLIPS has been a special correspondent in Russia, Poland and Mexico. He is a member of the English department of Notre Dame University, and the author of The New Poland; and The Doctor's Wooing.
VINCENT ENGELS is a member of The Commonweal staff.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED